SO THAT OTHERS MAY WALK

DIAGNOSIS: *Poliomyelitis* PROCEDURE: *Physical Therapy*

FRANCIS HOYT LOOKED DOWN AT DANNY'S PALE FACE. THEY'D TOLD HER THAT THEY WERE DOING EVERYTHING THAT COULD BE DONE FOR HER SON, AND THAT IT WOULD BE BETTER IF SHE LEFT HIM FOR A WHILE. STILL, DANNY LOOKED SO HELPLESS LYING THERE WITH ONLY HIS HEAD SHOWING OUT OF THE IRON LUNG... HIS SOFT BROWN EYES BEWILDERED AND APPEALING. BUT AT LEAST HE WAS BREATHING EASIER NOW, WITH THE GLEAMING MACHINE'S HELP. MRS. HOYT TRIED NOT TO LET DANNY SEE THAT SHE, TOO, WAS FRIGHTENED, SO SHE FORCED A SMILE BEFORE SHE LEFT HIS SIDE...

SHE WONDERED, AS SHE CROSSED THE WARD, IF DANNY HAD NOTICED THE TEARS IN HER EYES AND HER DEEP-ROOTED ANXIETY. NOW, ASSAILED BY DOUBTS, EAGER FOR REASSURANCE, SHE TOOK THE ELEVATOR DOWN TWO FLOORS AND FOUND THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE. HE WAS TALKING ON THE PHONE AS SHE ENTERED...

DOCTOR WOLACK NODDED TO A CHAIR BESIDE HIS DESK AND CONTINUED WITH HIS CONVERSATION...

MRS. HOYT SAT DOWN. DOCTOR WOLACK'S LIGHT-HEARTEDNESS ANNOYED HER, WORRIED AS SHE WAS ABOUT DANNY AT THAT MOMENT...

HEARTACHE AND TROUBLE ALL *AROUND* HIM AND HE CAN *LAUGH* AND *BE HAPPY!* MY POOR DANNY IN THERE FIGHTING FOR EVERY *BREATH*, AND *HIM*...
ALL RIGHT, DEAR! YES! GOOD BYE, HONEY...

THE DOCTOR HUNG UP AND SHOOK HIS HEAD, STILL SMILING, ABSORBED WITH THOUGHTS OF HIS OWN FAMILY...

DANNY ISN'T ONE OF *HIS OWN*... SO HE DOESN'T *CARE!*
THOSE LITTLE IMPS! THEY REALLY DON'T *MIND* US GOING OUT! THEY JUST KNOW IT'S A CHANCE TO EXTORT A *NEW TOY* FROM ME!

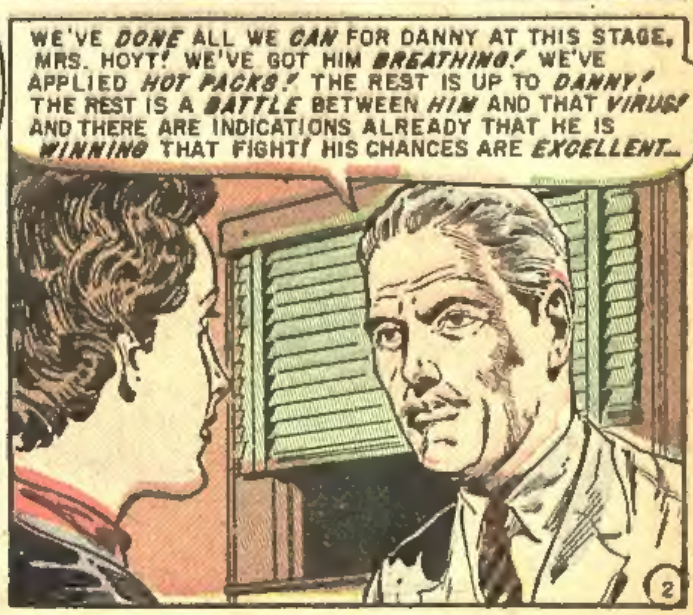
THE DOCTOR LEAFED THROUGH THE FILE-FOLDERS ON HIS DESK AND STOPPED AT ONE. HE GLANCED UP. HIS SMILE HAD FADED...

DANIEL HOYT...POLIOMYELITIS.. BULBAR...INFECTION OF THE RESPIRATORY CENTER... HMMM...WELL, MRS. HOYT...
THAT MEANS HIS *LUNGS* ARE PARALYZED, *DOESN'T* IT? THAT EVEN IF HE *LIVES*, HE'LL HAVE TO STAY IN THAT *IRON LUNG!*

NOW, MRS. HOYT BROUGHT ALL OF HER FEARS OUT INTO THE OPEN. SHE GAVE VENT TO ALL OF HER PENT-UP EMOTIONS. SHE BROKE DOWN COMPLETELY. DOCTOR WOLACK MURMURED A FEW WORDS OF COMFORT, THEN WAITED FOR THE WOMAN TO REGAIN CONTROL OF HERSELF...

MRS. HOYT, FIRST LET ME EXPLAIN THAT, IN YOUR BOY'S CASE, THE CHEST MUSCLES AND DIAPHRAGM ARE *NOT PARALYZED!* THE POLIO VIRUS HAS AFFECTED A TINY GROUP OF CELLS IN THE BULBAR PORTION OF THE *BRAIN!*

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT DANNY HAS *FORGOTTEN HOW AND WHEN TO BREATHE!* HALF OF THE DANGER *NOW* IS THAT DELICATE NERVE AND BRAIN CELLS MIGHT BE DEPRIVED OF *SUFFICIENT OXYGEN!* SO, DANNY IS IN AN IRON LUNG TO MAKE *SURE* HIS BREATHING *CONTINUES* AND THIS DOES NOT *HAPPEN!*
BUT WHAT *ELSE* HAVE YOU DONE? I'M NO *FOOL*, DOCTOR WOLACK! MY BOY MAY *DIE!* AND NO ONE IS LIFTING A HAND TO *HELP* HIM!


WE'VE *DONE* ALL WE *CAN* FOR DANNY AT THIS STAGE, MRS. HOYT! WE'VE GOT HIM *BREATHING!* WE'VE APPLIED *HOT PACKS!* THE REST IS UP TO *DANNY!* THE REST IS A *BATTLE* BETWEEN *HIM* AND THAT *VIRUS!* AND THERE ARE INDICATIONS ALREADY THAT HE IS *WINNING* THAT FIGHT! HIS CHANCES ARE *EXCELLENT*...

MRS. HOYT WAS SILENT FOR A WHILE. THEN—

BUT IT DOESN'T *END* THERE, *DOES* IT, DOCTOR? I KNOW WHAT *HAPPENS* BEFORE THE INFECTION IS LICKED! *MORE* OF THE BRAIN IS AFFECTED! IT LEAVES THEM *INVALIDS*... FOR THE REST OF THEIR *LIVES!* WHAT KIND OF LIFE WILL *THAT* BE FOR *DANNY*... A *HELPLESS INVALID?*

DOCTOR WOLACK SMILED, NOT UNKINDLY OR COLDLY. IT MIGHT BE TERMED A "SHRUGGING SMILE"... A REACTION TO THE FUTILITY OF TRYING TO REASSURE A DISTRAUGHT MOTHER. HE SIGHED, THEN TRIED ANOTHER TACK...

THAT'S WHERE WE'VE LEARNED TO DO *MORE*, MRS. HOYT! WITH *PHYSICAL THERAPY!* I'VE SEEN *HUNDREDS* OF CASES IN MY TIME. LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT *ONE*...

THE DOCTOR LEANED BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND BEGAN...

JIMMY WAS A LITTLE OLDER THAN YOUR BOY, DANNY, WHEN POLIO STRUCK, ON THE PARTICULAR NIGHT IT BEGAN.

"...JIMMY'S FATHER HAD GOTTEN UP WITH HIM. THEN HE'D AWAKENED JIMMY'S MOTHER..."

I... I HATED TO WAKE YOU UP, ROSE, BUT JIMMY'S IN THE BATHROOM. HE SAYS HE'S GOT A BAD HEADACHE AND THE BACK OF HIS NECK HURTS. AND THE WAY HE'S PERSPIRING ...I DON'T KNOW! HE'S *HAD* UPSET STOMACHS *BEFORE*, BUT *THIS*...

I'LL GO TO HIM, KEN! YOU CALL *DOCTOR JONAS!* MAYBE HE CAN TELL YOU WHAT TO DO OVER THE *PHONE*...

"JIMMY'S DAD HAD CALLED, BUT OLD DOC JONAS HADN'T TRIED TO PRESCRIBE OVER THE PHONE. HE'D HURRIED RIGHT OVER. BY THAT TIME, LITTLE JIMMY WAS HAVING TROUBLE BREATHING AND THE DOCTOR'D NOTICED A RIGIDITY OF HIS LEG MUSCLES...

I THINK WE'D BETTER GET JIMMY TO A *HOSPITAL*... *RIGHT AWAY*, KEN! I'LL CALL...

IF IT'S *THAT* BIG A RUSH, WE CAN TAKE HIM IN MY *CAR!* BUT, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHAT *IS* IT?

I'M AFRAID IT'S *POLIO*, KEN. THERE'S BEEN AN EPIDEMIC...NOT VERY WIDESPREAD, SO YOU MAY NOT HAVE HEARD! BUT JIMMY HAS RATHER CLEAR-CUT SYMPTOMS! I'VE GOT TO CALL FOR AN AMBULANCE...AND WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO GET HOLD OF AN *IRON LUNG!*

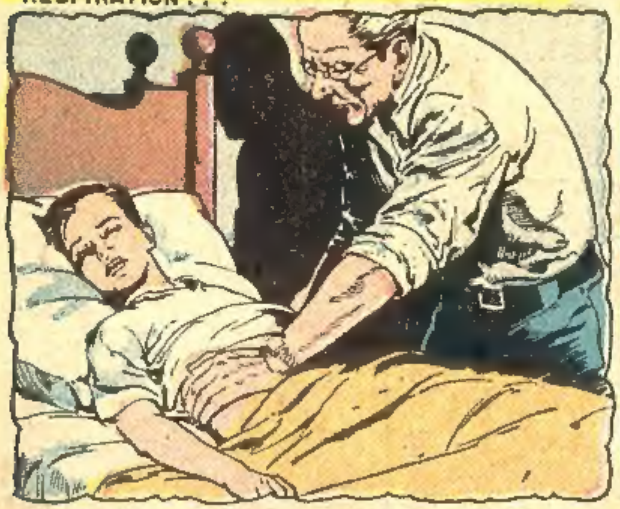
POLIO!? INFANTILE PARALYSIS!? JIMMY! MY POOR JIMMY!

"DOCTOR JONAS HAD TRIED TO CALM THE PANICKED PARENTS. THEN HE'D CALLED THE HOSPITAL AND EXPLAINED THE EMERGENCY. WHEN HE'D RETURNED TO THE BOY'S BEDSIDE..."

THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING* WE CAN DO, DOC! WE JUST CAN'T SIT AROUND AND *HOPE* THEY'LL FIND AN IRON LUNG!

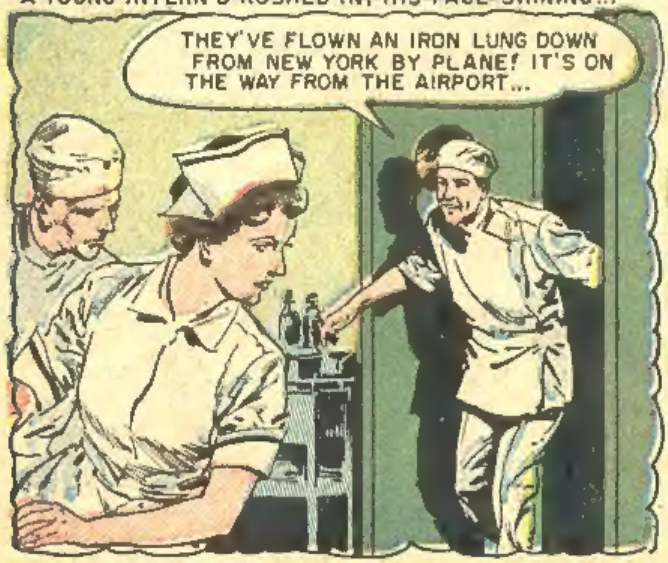
THERE IS! I'LL NEED SOME *HOT WATER BOTTLES!* WAKE UP YOUR *NEIGHBORS* FOR THEM! *HURRY!*

"BY THEN, JIMMY WAS STRUGGLING TO BREATHE. PARALYSIS WAS SETTING IN RAPIDLY. DOCTOR JONAS HAD STARTED TO ADMINISTER ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION . . ."



"AND WHEN THE AMBULANCE CAME, THEY'D RUSHED YOUNG JIMMY OUT TO IT. ROSE AND KEN HAD PILED IN WITH HIM. AND ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL, THE INTERN AND DOCTOR JONAS HAD SPELLED EACH OTHER IN MAKING THE SICK BOY BREATHE . . ."

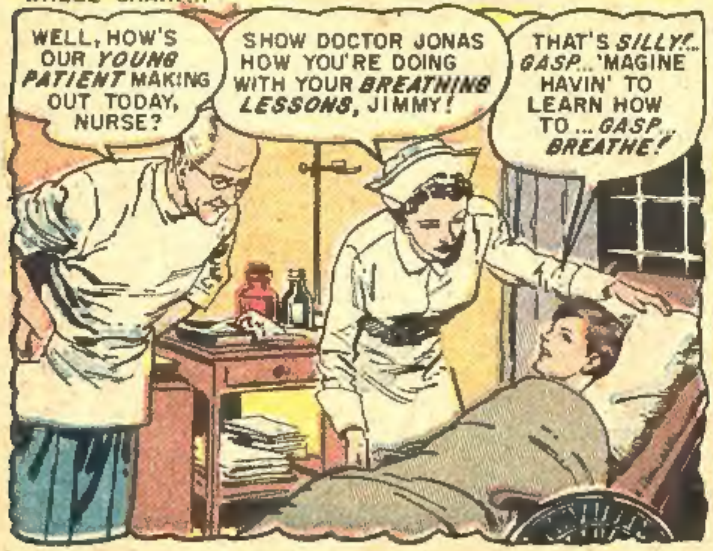
"AT THE HOSPITAL, DOCTORS AND NURSES HAD JOINED, TAKING TURNS IN ADMINISTERING ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION. IT'D BEEN A DESPERATE FIGHT, BUT THEY'D KEPT THE BOY ALIVE FOR FOUR HOURS UNTIL A YOUNG INTERN'D RUSHED IN, HIS FACE SHINING..."



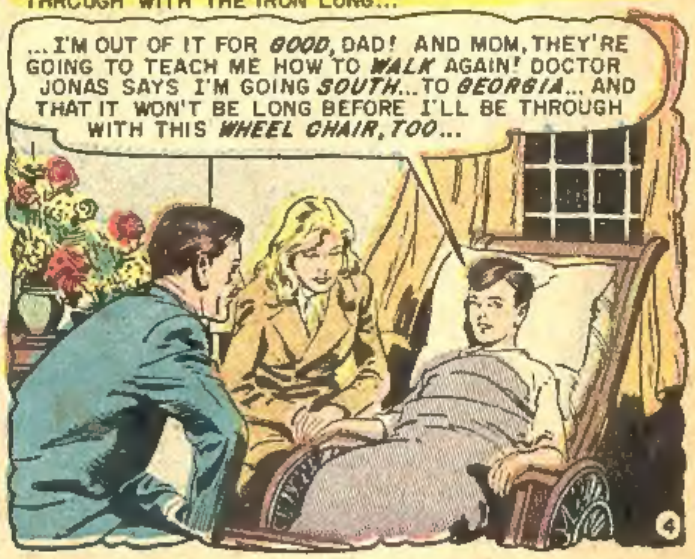
"SOME OF THE NURSES HAD BROKEN DOWN AND CRIED THEN... NOT ONLY BECAUSE THEY WERE TIRED, BUT BECAUSE IT MEANT THAT NOW THERE'D BE A FIGHTING CHANCE FOR JIMMY. AND DOCTOR JONAS HAD BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS TO THE PARENTS..."

...BUT IT'S JUST THE *BEGINNING* OF THE FIGHT! THE REST IS UP TO *JIMMY!* AND PERHAPS YOUR PRAYERS WILL HELP!
WE'VE *BEEN* PRAYING... *EVERY MINUTE* WE'VE BEEN PRAYING!

"AND JIMMY HAD PUT UP A TERRIFIC FIGHT. HE'D LICKED THE VIRUS. BUT, AS DOCTOR JONAS HAD SAID, IT'D BEEN ONLY THE BEGINNING. THERE'D BEEN LONG MONTHS IN THE IRON LUNG... THEN OUT OF IT FOR SHORT PERIODS IN A WHEEL CHAIR..."


WELL, HOW'S OUR *YOUNG PATIENT* MAKING OUT TODAY, NURSE?
SHOW DOCTOR JONAS HOW YOU'RE DOING WITH YOUR *BREATHING LESSONS*, JIMMY!
THAT'S *SILLY!*... *GASP*... 'MAGINE HAVIN' TO LEARN HOW TO... *GASP*... *BREATHE!*

"IT WAS A FACT, THOUGH! JIMMY HAD LITERALLY LEARNED HOW TO BREATHE AGAIN... JUST AS YOUR DANNY WILL, MRS. HOYT! BUT JIMMY HAD THE WILL TO LIVE AND TO BREATHE. AFTER SIX MONTHS, HE WAS THROUGH WITH THE IRON LUNG..."

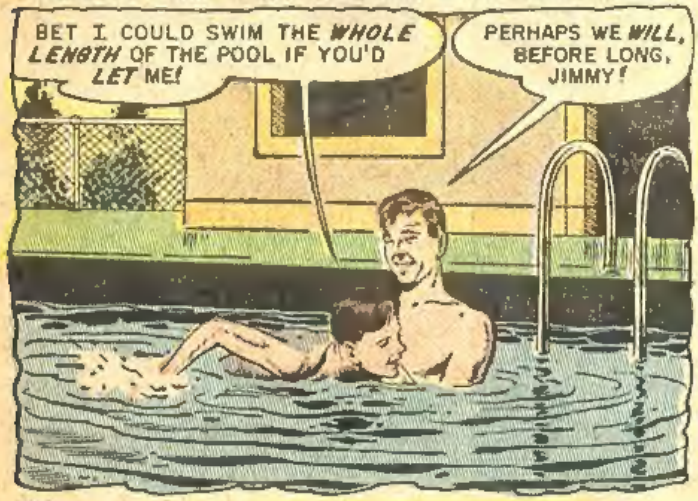

...I'M OUT OF IT FOR *GOOD*, DAD! AND MOM, THEY'RE GOING TO TEACH ME HOW TO *WALK* AGAIN! DOCTOR JONAS SAYS I'M GOING *SOUTH*... TO *GEORGIA*... AND THAT IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I'LL BE THROUGH WITH THIS *WHEEL CHAIR, TOO*...

"'DANCE...SO THAT OTHERS MAY WALK!' THAT HAD BEEN THE SLOGAN OF THOSE BIRTHDAY BALLS FOR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT! REMEMBER? SO PEOPLE'D DANCED...AND THE MONEY THEY'D PAID HAD GONE TO THE WARM SPRINGS FOUNDATION IN GEORGIA, WHERE JIMMY WAS SENT..."

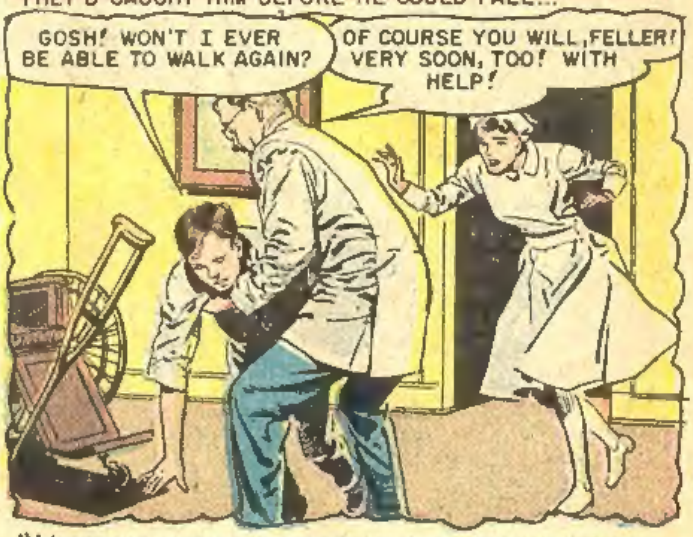
"BESIDES MEDICAL AND NURSING ATTENTION, JIMMY WAS TREATED BY ORTHOPEDISTS AND PHYSICAL THERAPISTS. APPLICATIONS OF HOT PACKS RESTORED VITALITY TO HIS PARALYZED MUSCLES..."

"PHYSICAL THERAPISTS TESTED THE STRENGTH OF THESE MUSCLES SO THAT THEY MIGHT PRESCRIBE PROPER RE-EDUCATION FOR THEM..."

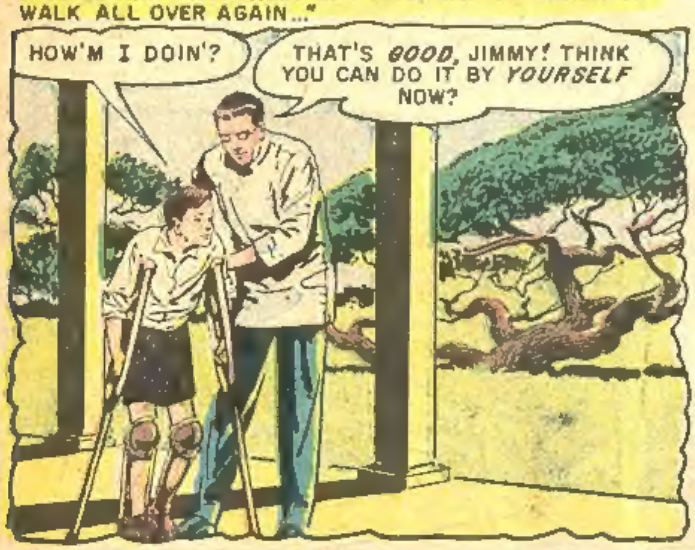
"AND...AS WE'LL DO FOR DANNY, MRS. HOYT... THEY CONTINUED THE GENTLE EXERCISING OF TISSUES THAT HAD BEEN CONTRACTED AS A RESULT OF THE DISEASE. THERE WAS POOL THERAPY IN THE WARM SPRING WATER."



"JIMMY WAS A LITTLE TOO EAGER TO TRY OUT HIS LEGS. ONCE, HE ATTEMPTED TO LEAVE HIS WHEELCHAIR THEY'D CAUGHT HIM BEFORE HE COULD FALL..."



"AND JIMMY DID WALK AGAIN, TOO...WITH HELP. WITH BRACES AND CRUTCHES. BUT HE'D HAD TO LEARN TO WALK ALL OVER AGAIN..."



"HOWEVER, THERE WAS MORE TO JIMMY'S RETRAINING THAN LEARNING TO USE MUSCLES AGAIN. JIMMY WOULD HAVE TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH HIS HANDICAP. BY THE TIME JIMMY'S PARENTS CAME TO TAKE HIM HOME..."

THE BOY MUST BE ALLOWED TO DO AS MUCH AS HE CAN FOR *HIMSELF!* MUCH OF HIS FUTURE WILL DEPEND ON JUST HOW WELL HE ADJUSTS TO *NORMAL LIVING!*
I THINK WE UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR! THANK YOU!
"JIMMY HAD HAD SECRET FEARS WHILE HE WAS AT THE FOUNDATION. AND WHEN HE'D RETURNED HOME, HE'D FOUND THOSE FEARS JUSTIFIED. ALTHOUGH THE NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS WENT OUT OF THEIR WAY TO BE FRIENDLY AND SYMPATHETIC, AS JIMMY HAD FEARED, THEY EXCLUDED HIM FROM THEIR ACTIVITIES..."
WE'LL BE *SEEIN'* YOU, JIMMY! COME ON FELLERS! LET'S CHOSE UP SIDES!
S'LONG, JIMMY!
TAKE IT EASY!
"SO JIMMY WATCHED THE OTHER BOYS PLAY... AND LONGED TO JOIN THEM..."
WISH THEY'D LET *ME TRY!* BET I COULD *DO IT*... IF THEY'D *LET* ME!
"FINALLY THE BOY SPOKE UP..."
HOW ABOUT IT, FELLERS? I CAN PLAY! LET ME *SHOW* YOU?
YOU *SURE*, JIMMY? YOU *SURE?*
I'M SURE!
OKAY, JIMMY! WE'LL LET YOU TRY! YOU CAN *CATCH!* THAT OUGHT TO BE *EASY* FOR YOU.
"SO THE KIDS ACCEPTED JIMMY FOR WHAT HE COULD DO, AND HE'D WON ANOTHER BATTLE. BUT OFTEN, AFTER THAT, HE DID *BETTER* THAN MANY OF THEM IN A LOT OF THINGS! HE GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL WITH HONORS! HE WAS CLASS VALEDICTORIAN"...
MR. BAILEY, PARENTS, GUESTS, AND MY FELLOW GRADUATES...
DOCTOR WOLACK LEANED BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND STUDIED MRS. HOYT AS HE FINISHED HIS STORY...
JIMMY WENT TO COLLEGE AND NOW LEADS A FULL LIFE, MRS. HOYT! AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT *DANNY* CAN LOOK FORWARD TO... WITH *YOUR HELP...*

I...I FEEL A LOT *BETTER* NOW, DOCTOR WOLACK! IF YOUR STORY DID *NOTHING ELSE*, IT AT LEAST HELPED ME GET MY MIND OFF *MYSELF!* BUT, NATURALLY, YOU *KNEW* IT WOULD!

DOCTOR WOLACK SMILED. SHEEPISHLY, MRS. HOYT THOUGHT. YES, SHE WAS CLEVER ENOUGH TO SEE THE PURPOSE OF HIS STORY-TELLING...
YES, I KNEW! I...I'VE *TOLD* THAT STORY PERHAPS *THIRTY* OR *FORTY TIMES BEFORE* WITH VARYING DEGREES OF SUCCESS! I...I *ADMIT* IT HAS A *PURPOSE*...

DOCTOR WOLACK PUSHED BACK HIS CHAIR...
SHALL WE LOOK IN ON *DANNY* NOW, MRS. HOYT?
YES... PLEASE...

THE DOCTOR STOOD UP AND CROSSED HIS OFFICE. A TWINKLE CAME INTO MRS. HOYT'S EYES...
IT...IT... IT'S DOCTOR *JAMES* WOLACK, ISN'T IT?
OR *JIMMY*... IF YOU *PREFER*...

...FOR MRS. HOYT SAW THAT DOCTOR WOLACK WALKED QUITE WELL WITH THE AID OF HIS TWO CANES...
YES, MRS. HOYT... I *STARTED* A FIGHT AGAINST POLIO WHEN I WAS A *BOY*... AND I'M *STILL* FIGHTING IT... AS A *DOCTOR!*

MRS HOYT WENT TO HER SON THEN. AND THIS TIME, WHEN SHE LOOKED DOWN AT HIS PALE BEWILDERED FACE, THERE WERE NO TEARS IN HER EYES...NO ANXIETY...
YOU'RE GOING TO BE *FINE*, DANNY! YOU *HEAR* MOTHER? YOU'RE GOING TO BE *JUST FINE!*

AND WHEN THE BEWILDERMENT AND THE PLEADING LOOK ON DANNY'S FACE FADED, AND HE, TOO, SMILED CONFIDENTLY, MRS. HOYT TURNED TO JAMES WALACK, M.D., AND WHISPERED...
THANK YOU, DOCTOR... AND BLESS YOU!
THE END

Now! Turn Your Waste Gas Into SUPER POWER!

IT'S TRUE! Now you can get the breath-taking acceleration . . . jack-rabbit starts . . . blazing new power that you've dreamed about for years—*simply by harnessing the raw, unburnt gasoline that your engine is wasting today!*

You can get performance from your present car that will make your friends gasp with astonishment—*and you can save $25, $50, even $75 a year on gas bills alone doing it!*

Yes! *You, yourself* can fit this amazing GASOLINE ATOMIZER on to your car in as little as 20 easy minutes! *And it is guaranteed to pay you back your full purchase price, in gas savings alone, in the first 3 to 4 short months that you use it. Here's why!*

By RICHARD JOHNS

Mr. Car Owner! How would you like to have the driving thrill of your life next weekend?

Picture this yourself! Next weekend you go down to your car—the same tired car that you've been driving for years. You've made only one simple change to that car, so easy that your 18-year-old son could do it! But now, when you turn on the ignition, *a modern miracle of engineering science comes to life under your hood!*

From the very first moment, you'll see and feel the difference in that engine. That engine will hum with new, throbbing power. When you release the emergency brake, your car will glide out of its parking space . . . roll down the street with your foot hardly touching the pedal. Every 30 or 40 seconds, you'll give that car an extra shot of gas . . . feeling it spurt ahead . . . testing the new power that's singing underneath your foot!

We ask you to pull up to another car at the stop light, of approximately the same year and make as your own! Wait until the light changes from red to green. Let the other car start first. Wait till the other car gets half way across the street. *And then slam your foot down on the gas pedal!*

Before that other car has even crossed the street, you will have caught up with him. For one brief second, you and that other car will race fender to fender. And then you will flash away from him . . . you will leave him a full block behind . . . you will look in your rear view mirror and see the startled look of amazement in the other driver's eyes!

TEST THIS NEW POWER A HUNDRED DIFFERENT WAYS!

But this is just the beginning! Test this equipment for one full month—entirely at our risk! Test it on the highway! Use it to flash away from other cars . . . spurt up the *steepest hills . . . actually pass other cars in 2, 4, 6 and even 8 seconds LESS than you could have done formerly!*

Test this equipment in long-range driving! See the *enormous gas savings it gives* you at high speeds! Prove to yourself that at 50 . . . 60 . . . even 70 miles an hour, *your foot is still half-way up on the pedal*—you still have all the reserve power you need to get out of any emergency on the highway!

Yes, and test this equipment in stop-and-go city driving! Prove to yourself that it gives you the instant acceleration you need to get out in front of the crowd . . . *with far less gas* than you're using today! Prove to yourself that it can actually save you $25 to $50 to $75 on your gas bills every single year . . . *that it actually pays back its full cost, in gas savings alone, during the first three or four months—or your full money back!*

HOW DOES THIS PRODUCT GIVE YOU SUCH TREMENDOUS NEW POWER?

And you get all this performance—and more—from a small, polished machine of bronze and aluminum that you can hold in your hand! Here's why:

Gasoline in its liquid form is not explosive. If you accidentally drop a lighted match into a bucket full of gasoline, the chances are 10 to 1 that that gasoline will actually *put out* that match. *But simply mix that same bucket full of gas with the proper amount of air, and you will have enough explosive power to drive a ten ton truck!*

The main purpose of this machine is to SUPER-MIX . . . SUPER-VAPORIZE . . . SUPER-ATOMIZE your gas in exactly that way! To squeeze *the hidden power* out of that gas! To mix that gas with much greater volumes of air! To make that gas *more explosive* in the engine of your car!

No wonder men have paid up to $600 for Superchargers! What we are offering you on this page is a MINI-SUPERCHARGER—easier to install—less expensive! But still the only power product you can buy with all these tremendous advantages:

1. You can install it yourself, in just 30 minutes, even if you never picked up a tool before in your life! No $10, $15 or $20 mechanic's bills! No drilling, or grinding of any kind! You never even touch the inside of your engine!

2. It never needs further adjustments, for the full lifetime of your car! Nothing to go out of order or break down on the highway. Completely guaranteed for 20 years.

3. It takes up no room in your car . . . makes no "souped-up" noise! No shifting around of engine parts. No "hot rod" noises to cause embarrassment!

SO EASY TO INSTALL THAT EVEN YOUR 16-YEAR-OLD SON CAN DO IT!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Step 1. Open your hood. Locate Air Cleaner and Carburetor Unit that sits smack on top of your engine. *Simply take an ordinary* wrench and loosen the two or three bolts that hold carburetor to the engine!

Step 2. Lift up the carburetor. Put MINI-SUPERCHARGER unit in place. *What could be easier?*

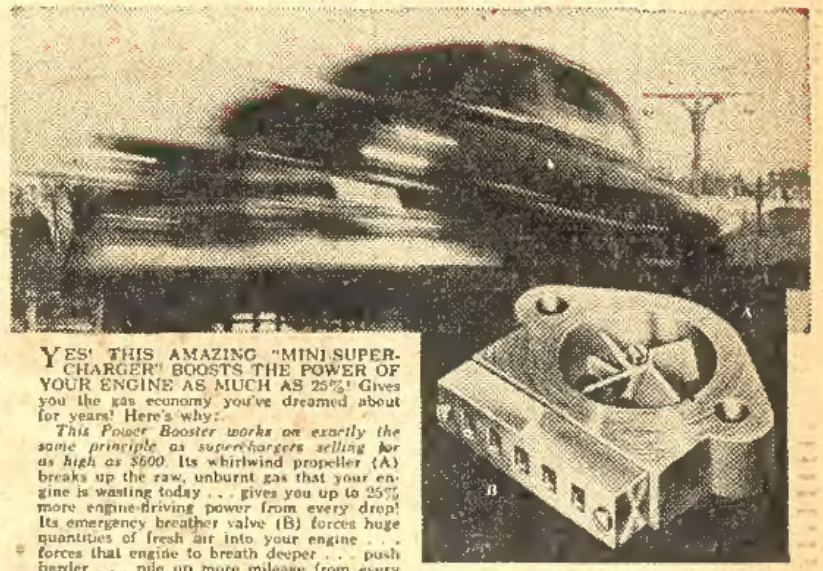
Step 3. Replace carburetor. *Now turn on your engine! And then get in and take the most thrilling drive of your life!*

TRY IT ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK

This MINI-SUPERCHARGER (U.S. Patent No. 2,409,937) sells for only $9.95 for most six-cylinder cars and only $11.95 for most eight-cylinder cars. This is *your total cost—there is no installation fee!* And, most important of all, *we guarantee that you will save this full purchase in gas bills alone—in the first 3 to 4 months that you own this device.*

You have nothing to lose! Try this equipment entirely at our risk. It must give you a whole new world of driving pleasure and economy or your full money back! Act today!

EUGENE STEVENS, INC.
400 MADISON AVE. DEPT.
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



YES! THIS AMAZING "MINI-SUPERCHARGER" BOOSTS THE POWER OF YOUR ENGINE AS MUCH AS 25%! Gives you the gas economy you've dreamed about for years! Here's why:

This Power Booster works on exactly the same principle as superchargers selling for as high as $600. Its whirlwind propeller (A) breaks up the raw, unburnt gas that your engine is wasting today . . . gives you up to 25% more engine-driving power from every drop! Its emergency breather valve (B) forces huge quantities of fresh air into your engine . . . forces that engine to breath deeper . . . push harder . . . pile up more mileage from every gallon you buy! It gives you A TREMENDOUS NEW BURST OF MONEY-SAVING POWER, just when you need it most—when you flash away from traffic . . . shoot up steep hills . . . pick up speed on the open highway!

No wonder dozens of leading car magazines call this the "money-saving discovery of the year." *Test this amazing gas-saver yourself—without risking a penny! THE THRILLING FACTS ARE ON THIS PAGE!*

WE GUARANTEE YOUR GAS SAVINGS!

Clip this guarantee section out of this page. It authorizes you to try this amazing new MINI-SUPERCHARGER *for a full four months ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!* At the end of that time, this device must save you—in gas alone—EVERY SINGLE CENT OF THE MONEY THAT YOU PAID FOR IT—OR YOUR FULL MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED! This offer is good for a full four months! It is probably the most amazing offer in car history! You have nothing to lose! ACT TODAY!

Eugene Stevens, Inc.

Eugene Stevens, Pres.

MINI-SUPERCHARGER PRICE LIST

Buick	All Models	$11.95
Cadillac	All Models	11.95
Chevrolet	All Models	9.95
Chrysler	Six's and Eight's up to 1948	9.95
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DeSoto	All Six's	9.95
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Dodge	All Six's to 1953	9.95
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Kaiser & Frazer	All Models thru '48	9.08
Kaiser & Frazer	All other Models	11.95
Lincoln	All Models	11.95
Nash	Six's '39 thru '51	9.95
Nash	Six's after 1951 and all Eight's	11.95
Oldsmobile	Six's '39 thru '51	9.95
Oldsmobile	All Six's after 1951 and all Eight's	11.95
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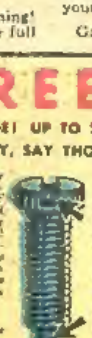
Willys	All Models	9.95

FREE!

UP TO $3 RETAIL VALUE! UP TO 3 TO 4 MILES MORE PER GALLON INSTANTLY, SAY THOUSANDS OF USERS.

THIS is probably the most widely used piece of automotive equipment in the world! OVER HALF A MILLION DRIVERS have paid up to $2 a set to put these amazing Air Bleed Needles on their cars! *But we bought out an entire factory at a sacrifice price! For this one advertisement only, we can offer you these exact same needles as a FREE gift, even if you return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER!*



1. They fit onto the carburetor of your car, where they replace the standard Idling Adjustment Screw. If you have a six-cylinder car, then you will need only one of the Air Bleed Needles (regular retail price $1.50). If you have an eight-cylinder car, then you will need two needles (regular retail price — $3.00). In either case, you simply unscrew the old needle and put in the new. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! Even if you never looked under your hood before, you can do it in 60 seconds . . . without touching a tool, without even getting your hands dirty!

2. The purpose of these Air Bleed Needles is to STOP YOUR CAR FROM WASTING GAS IN STOP-AND-GO DRIVING . . . and to save you up to 2 to 4 miles a gallon. If you use your car to do shopping . . . if you have to fight traffic as much as once a week, then we believe you'll bless the day you first put this equipment in your car! And of course, at the same time it can give you easier, quicker performance and pick up and smoother, more economical idling!

REMEMBER, THIS IS PROBABLY YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET THESE AMAZING AIR BLEED NEEDLES AS A FREE GIFT—a gift that is worth as much as $3 to you—and a gift that is yours to keep even if you return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER!

But you must act today! Our supply is limited! We can make this offer only this one time in this magazine! Simply send us the make and year of your car, and this gift is yours! *BUT ACT TODAY!*

---MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!---

EUGENE STEVENS, INC.

400 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

Yes, I want to try your amazing MINI-SUPERCHARGER *entirely at your risk!* Please send me the precision-made model that fits my car. I will pay postman only _____ (*see price list for all models at left*), plus few COD charges. I understand that this item is completely guaranteed. It must give me tremendous new pick-up, acceleration and power . . . it must save me enough money, in gas alone, to pay back every cent of its cost to me *first 3 to 4 months that I own it—or my full money back!*

Also send me as your Extra Gift Premium, the Free Air Bleed Needle Set, mine as a gift! If not completely satisfied, I will return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER, but keep the needles!

MAKE OF CAR _____ please print

YEAR _____ NUMBER OF CYLINDERS _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ CHECK HERE TO SAVE MORE! Enclose cash, check or money order, and we pay all postage and handling charges! You save 67¢. Same money-back guarantee, of course!

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Occupation_____

☐ Check here for booklet "A" if under 18 years of age.

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DOCTOR WIZARD

The stones pelted against windows. Outside, the mob howled and hung a ram's skull, symbol of witchcraft, against the door . . . Doctor William Harvey had dared to teach that the blood in man's body circulated, that it moved. And who but a man who had made a pact with the devil would preach such a theory? London, in the days of Charles the First was not a place for such fantastic teachings. Had not even the College of Physicians accused Harvey of being a wizard? Had they not tried him? And had he not been released only because of his personal friendship with the King?

And—was not the head of the College, Doctor Bethune, at this very moment inside, attempting to persuade Harvey to recant, to admit that his theory was contrary to all medical knowledge?

But—Doctor William Harvey did not recant. In 1616 his theory was published—and the storm broke about his ears. Hounded, persecuted, he could, in the end, do nothing except beg for the protection of his friend, the King—and be refused. Charles the First was sympathetic—but not ready to risk his crown for an obscure physician.

Still—William Harvey went on. Inevitably—during a speech he was making before the Association of Anatomists—he was arrested, and placed in the Tower of London. Surely, this was the end. With conviction—and death—Harvey's theory would perish, perhaps not to be revived for centuries, while countless thousands died from lack of this precious knowledge. Only a kindly fate intervened.

Charles the First, on a hunting trip outside London with the Countess Maria of France, sent for Harvey suddenly. The countess had been bitten by a deadly adder—and Charles' personal physician, Bethune, was a day's journey away.

By the time Bethune arrived, Harvey had tied off the Countess' bitten leg with a tourniquet, stopping the flow of blood so that the poison could not reach the heart, but would dissipate itself. Here, in one simple act, was the proof or disproof of Harvey's theory—and his life hung in the balance as much as did the life of the Countess Maria.

Bethune raged, but to no avail. Harvey had pledged his head that he would save the Countess' life—and the King had listened.

The hours crept by, slow sentinels of—what? Only Harvey knew. Only he was not uneasy, not afraid. And in the morning, the Countess Maria stirred, opened her eyes—and smiled.

From that moment on, William Harvey was under the protection of the King, and woe to him who dared question the King's act. And so Doctor Wizard vanished. A bright new world of healing opened slowly before the eyes of men. Millions, down through the centuries, who might have died—lived.

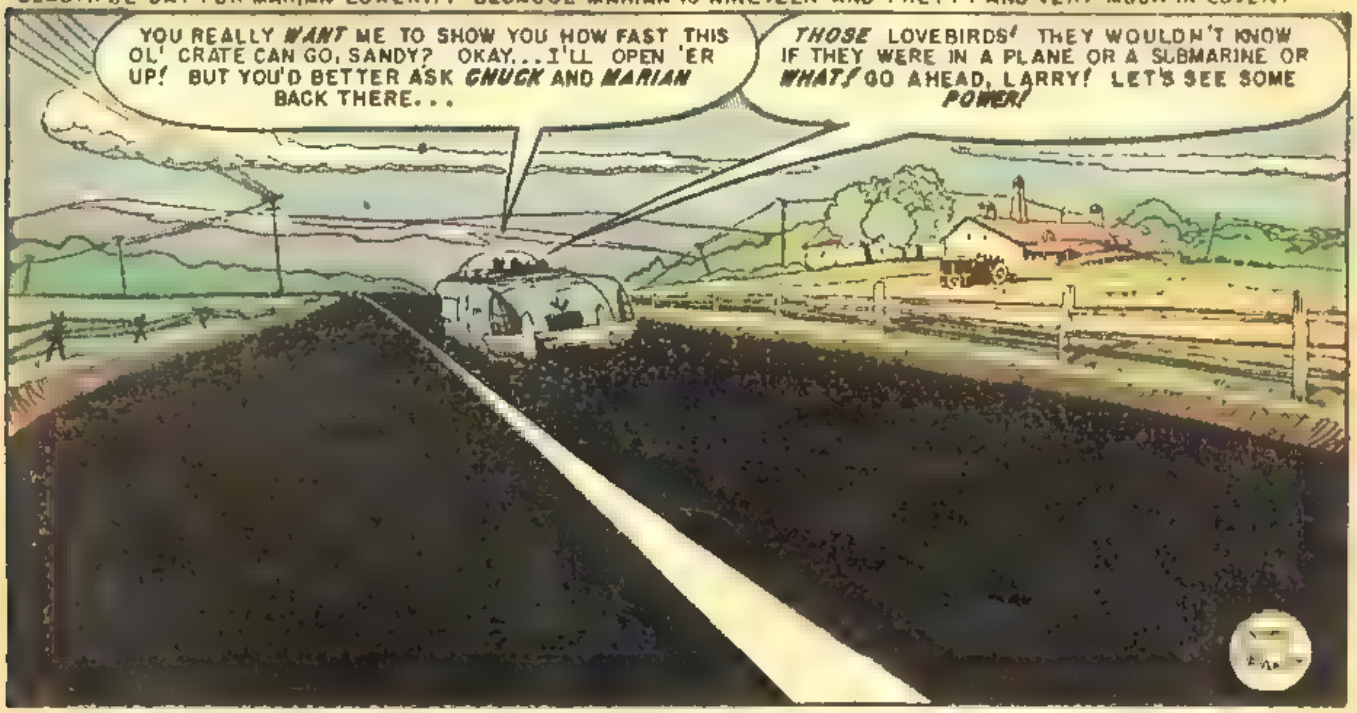
Doctor William Harvey refused all offers of reward from a grateful King. For him, the knowledge of a task well done was sufficient reward. But there was, and is, another reward for Harvey. A reward which grows day by day, over the years. The gratitude of all those millions whom William Harvey never lived to see—but who lived, because of him.

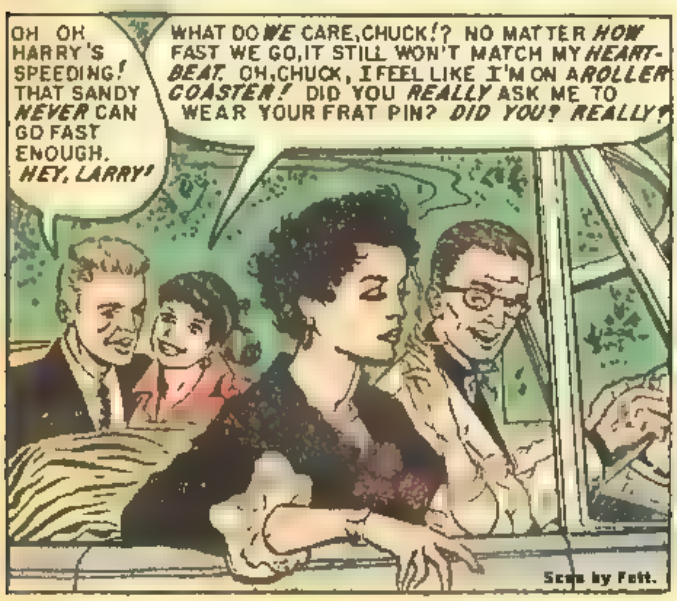
NEW OUTLOOK

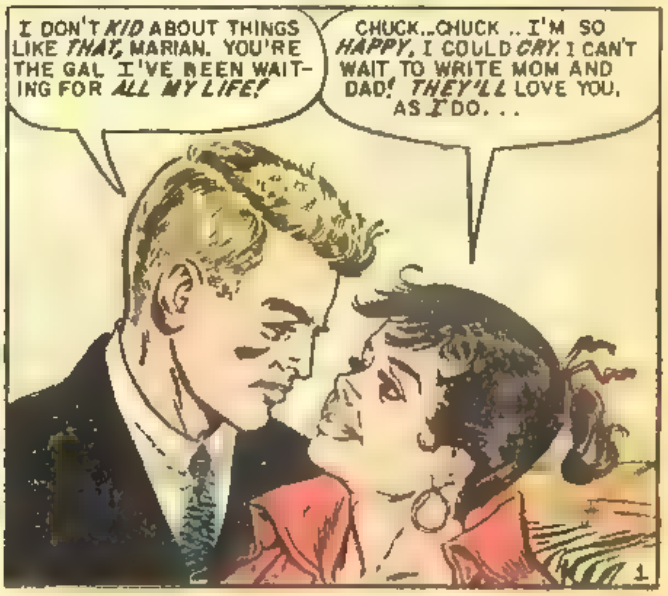
DIAGNOSIS: *Fracture Mandible, Depressed Malar Process, Fractured Nose*

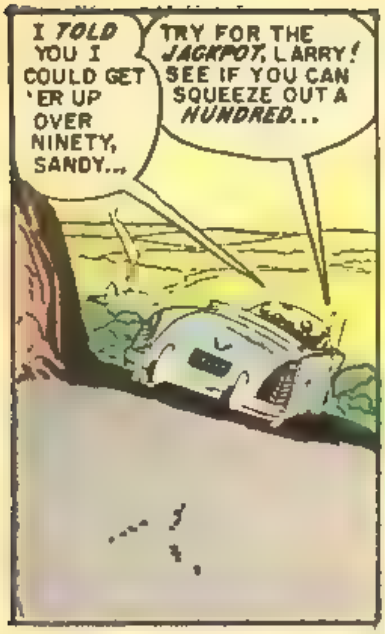
PROCEDURE: *Maxillo-Facial Surgery*

THERE IS NO HINT...NO SLIGHT PORTENT OF TRAGEDY AS FOUR COLLEGE STUDENTS DRIVE BACK TO SCHOOL AFTER A VICTORIOUS FOOTBALL GAME. THE AIR IS CRISP WITH AUTUMN FRESHNESS. IT IS A DAY FOR LAUGHTER AND YOUTH. IT IS A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR MARIAN LOWERY.. BECAUSE MARIAN IS NINETEEN AND PRETTY AND VERY MUCH IN LOVE...

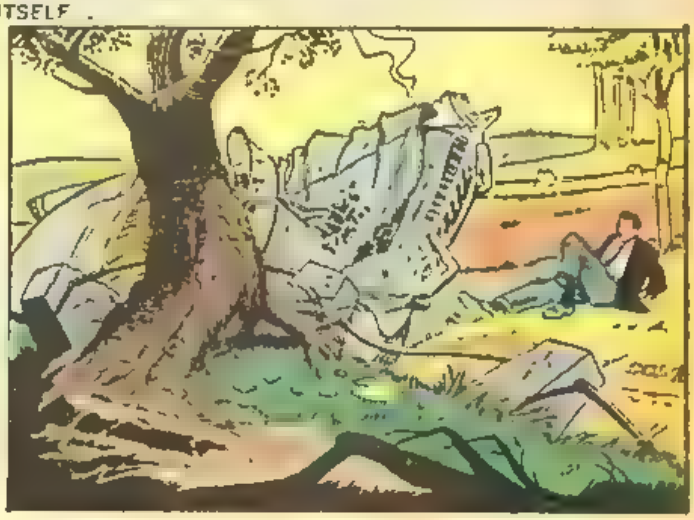

YOU REALLY *WANT* ME TO SHOW YOU HOW FAST THIS OL' CRATE CAN GO, SANDY? OKAY...I'LL OPEN 'ER UP! BUT YOU'D BETTER ASK *CHUCK* AND *MARIAN* BACK THERE...
THOSE LOVEBIRDS! THEY WOULDN'T KNOW IF THEY WERE IN A PLANE OR A SUBMARINE OR *WHAT!* GO AHEAD, LARRY! LET'S SEE SOME *POWER!*


OH OH HARRY'S SPEEDING! THAT SANDY *NEVER* CAN GO FAST ENOUGH. *HEY, LARRY!*
WHAT DO *WE* CARE, CHUCK!? NO MATTER *HOW* FAST WE GO, IT STILL WON'T MATCH MY *HEART-BEAT.* OH, CHUCK, I FEEL LIKE I'M ON A *ROLLER COASTER!* DID YOU *REALLY* ASK ME TO WEAR YOUR FRAT PIN? *DID YOU? REALLY?*
Scan by Fatt.

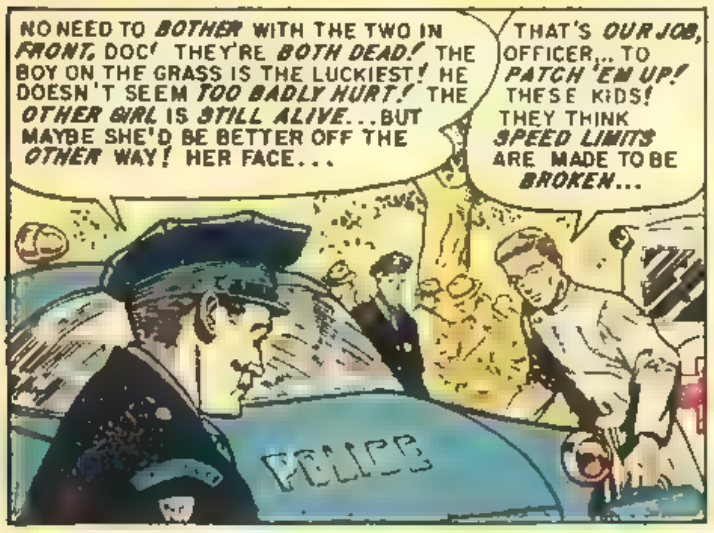

I DON'T *KID* ABOUT THINGS LIKE *THAT,* MARIAN. YOU'RE THE GAL I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR *ALL MY LIFE!*
CHUCK..CHUCK .. I'M SO *HAPPY,* I COULD *CRY.* I CAN'T WAIT TO WRITE MOM AND DAD! *THEY'LL* LOVE YOU, AS *I* DO...
1



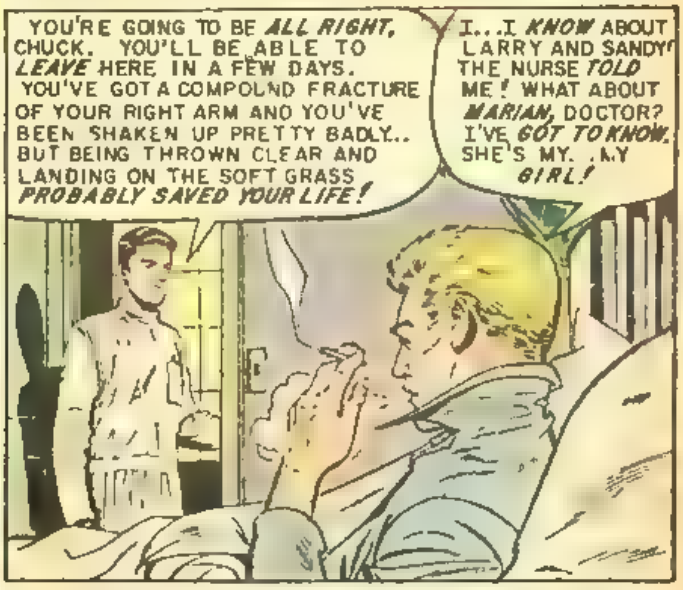
IN A SINGLE TICK OF A CLOCK, THE BRIGHT FALL SUN SHINES ON A GRIM, PITIFUL SCENE. WHERE THERE HAD BEEN LAUGHTER, THERE IS SILENCE... AND A SLEEK CONVERTIBLE IS NOW NOTHING MORE THAN A TWISTED CARICATURE OF ITSELF .

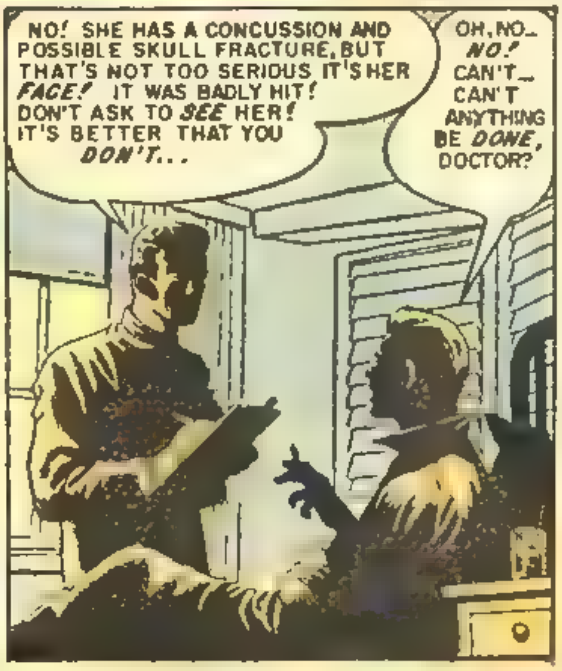


THE FAMILIAR PATTERN OF SUDDEN CALAMITY BEGINS TO UNFOLD. THE WAIL OF AN AMBULANCE SIREN MOANING TO A RELUCTANT STOP. . .WHITE-FACED STATE TROOPERS...THE GRIM, TENSE FACE OF AN INTERN...


NO NEED TO BOTHER WITH THE TWO IN FRONT, DOC! THEY'RE BOTH DEAD! THE BOY ON THE GRASS IS THE LUCKIEST! HE DOESN'T SEEM TOO BADLY HURT! THE OTHER GIRL IS STILL ALIVE...BUT MAYBE SHE'D BE BETTER OFF THE OTHER WAY! HER FACE...
THAT'S OUR JOB, OFFICER,.. TO PATCH 'EM UP! THESE KIDS! THEY THINK SPEED LIMITS ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN...
POLICE

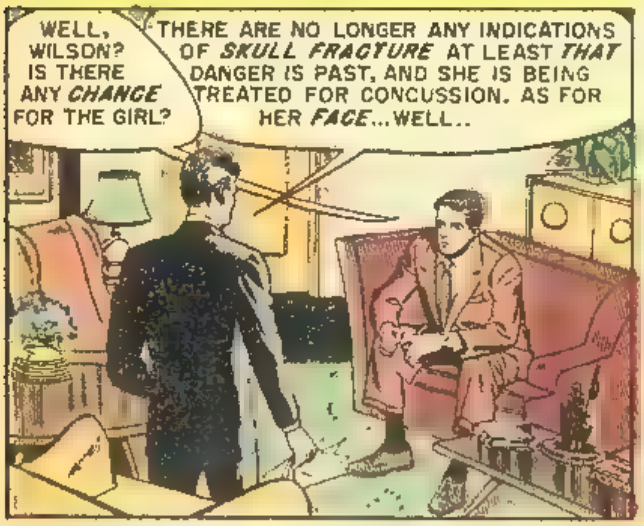
SOME TIME LATER, IN A NEARBY HOSPITAL...

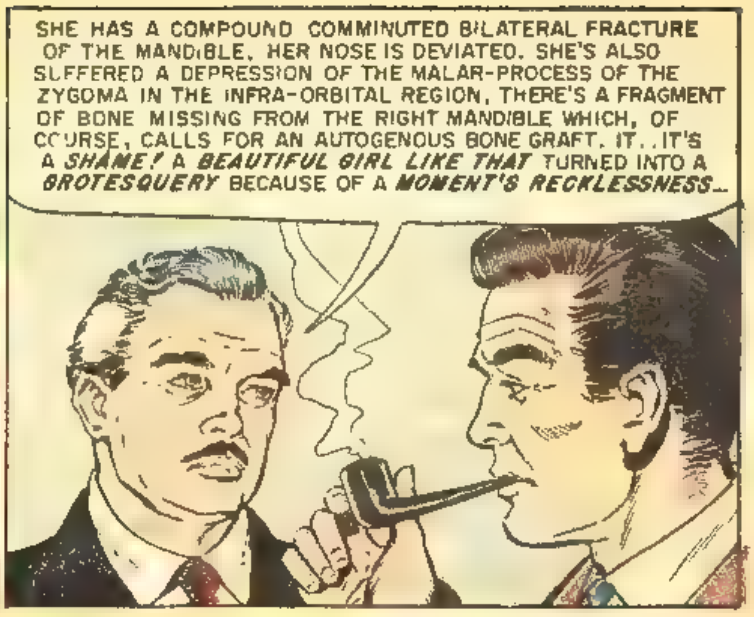

YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, CHUCK. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LEAVE HERE IN A FEW DAYS. YOU'VE GOT A COMPOUND FRACTURE OF YOUR RIGHT ARM AND YOU'VE BEEN SHAKEN UP PRETTY BADLY.. BUT BEING THROWN CLEAR AND LANDING ON THE SOFT GRASS PROBABLY SAVED YOUR LIFE!
I...I KNOW ABOUT LARRY AND SANDY! THE NURSE TOLD ME! WHAT ABOUT MARIAN, DOCTOR? I'VE GOT TO KNOW. SHE'S MY..MY GIRL!


NO! SHE HAS A CONCUSSION AND POSSIBLE SKULL FRACTURE, BUT THAT'S NOT TOO SERIOUS IT'S HER FACE! IT WAS BADLY HIT! DON'T ASK TO SEE HER! IT'S BETTER THAT YOU DON'T...
OH, NO... NO! CAN'T... CAN'T ANYTHING BE DONE, DOCTOR?

WE DON'T KNOW! IT'S UP TO DOCTOR WILSON! HE'S THE MAXILLO-FACIAL SPECIALIST ATTACHED TO THE HOSPITAL. EVERYTHING HINGES ON HIS REPORT!
MAXILLO-FACIAL ...THAT... THAT'S A PLASTIC SURGEON, ISN'T IT?

THE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN NODS AND LEAVES. LATER, HE MEETS WITH JONAS WILSON, M.D., F.A.C.S., THE MAXILLO-FACIAL SURGEON

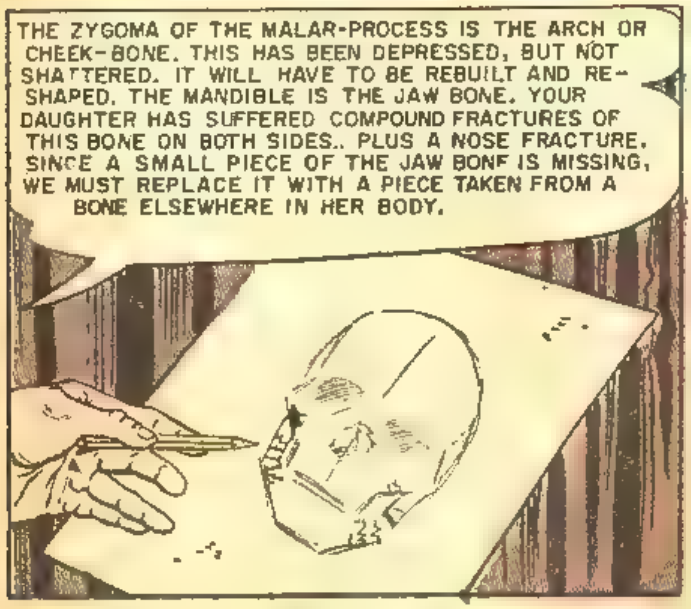

WELL, WILSON? IS THERE ANY *CHANCE* FOR THE GIRL?
THERE ARE NO LONGER ANY INDICATIONS OF *SKULL FRACTURE* AT LEAST *THAT* DANGER IS PAST, AND SHE IS BEING TREATED FOR CONCUSSION. AS FOR HER *FACE*...WELL..

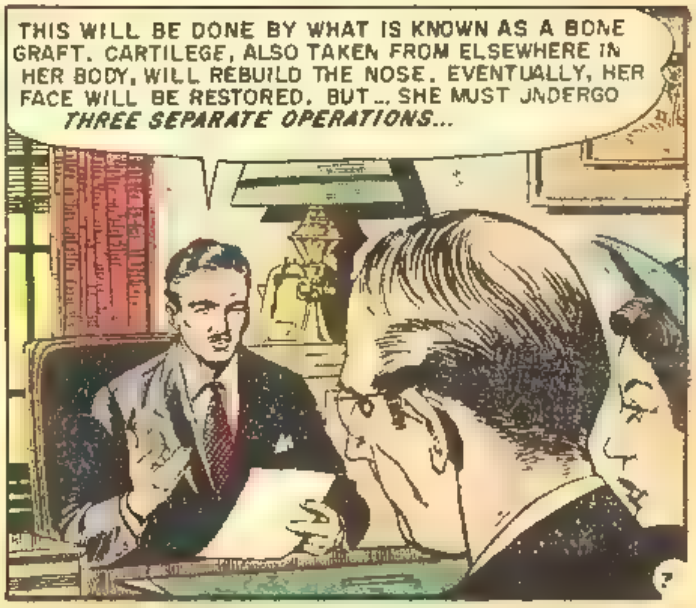

SHE HAS A COMPOUND COMMINUTED BILATERAL FRACTURE OF THE MANDIBLE. HER NOSE IS DEVIATED. SHE'S ALSO SUFFERED A DEPRESSION OF THE MALAR-PROCESS OF THE ZYGOMA IN THE INFRA-ORBITAL REGION. THERE'S A FRAGMENT OF BONE MISSING FROM THE RIGHT MANDIBLE WHICH, OF COURSE, CALLS FOR AN AUTOGENOUS BONE GRAFT. IT..IT'S A *SHAME!* A *BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE THAT* TURNED INTO A *BROTESQUERY* BECAUSE OF A *MOMENT'S RECKLESSNESS*...

WILSON, HER *PARENTS* ARE OUTSIDE. WILL YOU *SPEAK* TO THEM?
YES, OF COURSE! THIS THIS IS THE *HARDEST* PART OF OUR JOB, HENNING! NOW WE HAVE TO LOOK INTO THEIR *EYES* AND TELL THEM HOW *THINGS STAND!* IT'S... *ROUGH!* ASK THEM TO COME IN.

WITHOUT CONCEALING THE SERIOUS NATURE OF THEIR DAUGHTER'S INJURIES, DOCTOR WILSON COMFORTS THE GRIEVING BEWILDERED PARENTS. AND HIS OWN HEART IS HEAVY. FOR HE, TOO, HAS A DAUGHTER MARIAN'S AGE...

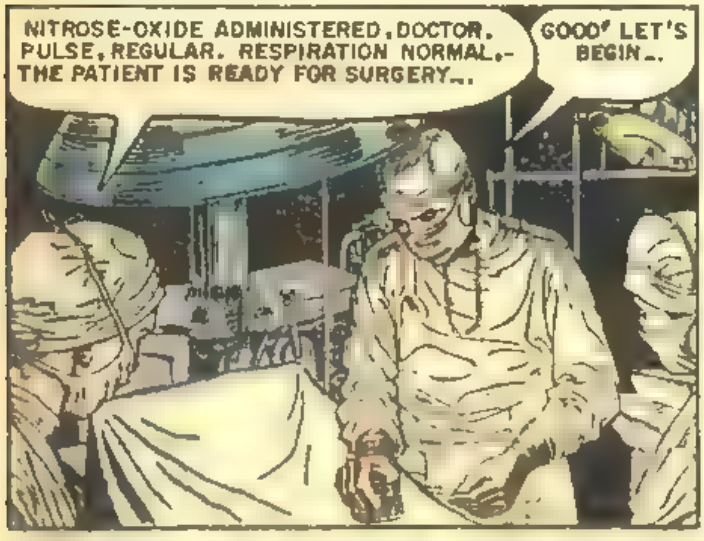
THE SURGEON MAKES A ROUGH SKETCH OF THE HUMAN FACE..


THE ZYGOMA OF THE MALAR-PROCESS IS THE ARCH OR CHEEK-BONE. THIS HAS BEEN DEPRESSED, BUT NOT SHATTERED. IT WILL HAVE TO BE REBUILT AND RE-SHAPED. THE MANDIBLE IS THE JAW BONE. YOUR DAUGHTER HAS SUFFERED COMPOUND FRACTURES OF THIS BONE ON BOTH SIDES.. PLUS A NOSE FRACTURE. SINCE A SMALL PIECE OF THE JAW BONE IS MISSING, WE MUST REPLACE IT WITH A PIECE TAKEN FROM A BONE ELSEWHERE IN HER BODY.


THIS WILL BE DONE BY WHAT IS KNOWN AS A BONE GRAFT. CARTILEGE, ALSO TAKEN FROM ELSEWHERE IN HER BODY, WILL REBUILD THE NOSE. EVENTUALLY, HER FACE WILL BE RESTORED. BUT... SHE MUST UNDERGO *THREE SEPARATE OPERATIONS*...

HOW.. HOW LONG WILL THIS TAKE, DOCTOR... AND WHAT SUCCESS CAN WE HOPE FOR?
SUCH RESTORATIVE WORK TAKES A MINIMUM OF SIX MONTHS... MORE LIKELY EIGHT! I CAN MAKE NO PREDICTIONS! I WILL DO MY BEST! I... I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL AND WHAT HER APPEARANCE MEANS TO A YOUNG GIRL...
WHEN WILL YOU START, DOCTOR?
NOT FOR THREE WEEKS AT LEAST. THE JAW FRACTURE MUST BEGIN TO MEND BEFORE WE CAN OPERATE. HER JAWS ARE WIRED AND SET NOW. I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT EVERYTHING IN MY POWER WILL BE DONE FOR HER...
THE WEARY WEEKS CREEP BY. MARIAN'S JAW FRACTURES SLOWLY KNIT...
CHUCK IS HERE TO SEE YOU, MARIAN!
NO! SEND HIM AWAY. I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE! I DON'T WANT THEIR PITY!
WHY SHOULD CHUCK PITY YOU, MARIAN, WHEN THE BRUISES ON YOUR FACE FADE AWAY...
DON'T LIE TO ME, MISS MACK! I LOOKED AT MYSELF IN YOUR COMPACT MIRROR! I KNOW THE TRUTH! OH LORD... I WISH I WERE DEAD...
MARIAN... PLEASE...
STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS! SEE MARIAN, THE HUMAN... GARGOYLE! SOB... SOB...
DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, MARIAN! YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE! WON'T YOU SEE CHUCK? HE'S BEEN HERE EVERY DAY!
SEND HIM AWAY! SEND HIM AWAY!
I'M SORRY, CHUCK! SHE STILL WON'T SEE YOU!
I DON'T CARE HOW SHE LOOKS! I LOVE HER! TELL HER THAT, WILL YOU, MISS MACK
OH, MISS MACK! EXCUSE ME! HAVE MISS LOWERY READY FOR SURGERY TOMORROW AT TEN... THE AUTOGENOUS BONE GRAFT!
WHAT'S THE SCORE, DOCTOR WILSON? HOW'S IT LOOK FOR MARIAN?
WE'LL KNOW BETTER IN A FEW WEEKS, CHUCK! KEEP ON LOVING HER! I KNOW SHE'S DIFFICULT NOW... BUT EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT! YOU'LL SEE...

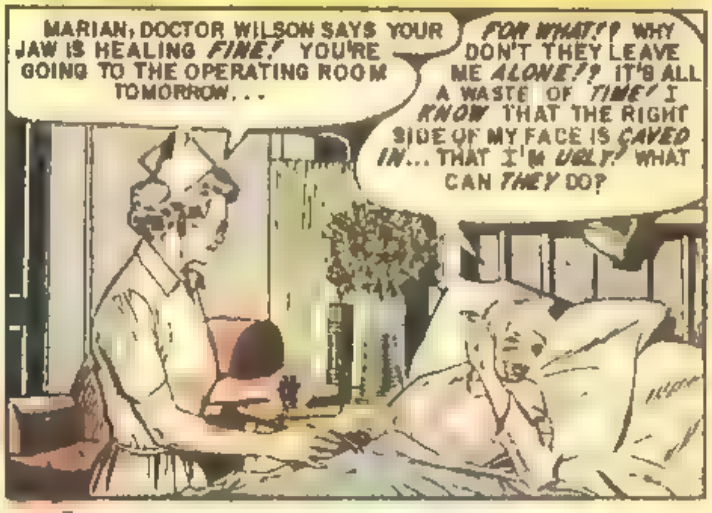
AT TEN A.M. THE NEXT MORNING, THE FIRST OF THE SERIES OF MAXILLO-SURGICAL OPERATIONS IS PERFORMED ON MARIAN LOWERY .. THE REPLACEMENT OF THE MISSING BONE IN THE RIGHT MANDIBLE...



IN THIS OPERATION, THE SURGEON REMOVES A CHIP OF BONE OF THE EXACT SIZE NEEDED FROM THE ILLIUM, OR CREST OF THE HIP BONE. THIS IS A TEDIOUS AND DELICATE TASK REQUIRING THE UTMOST PATIENCE AND SKILL...

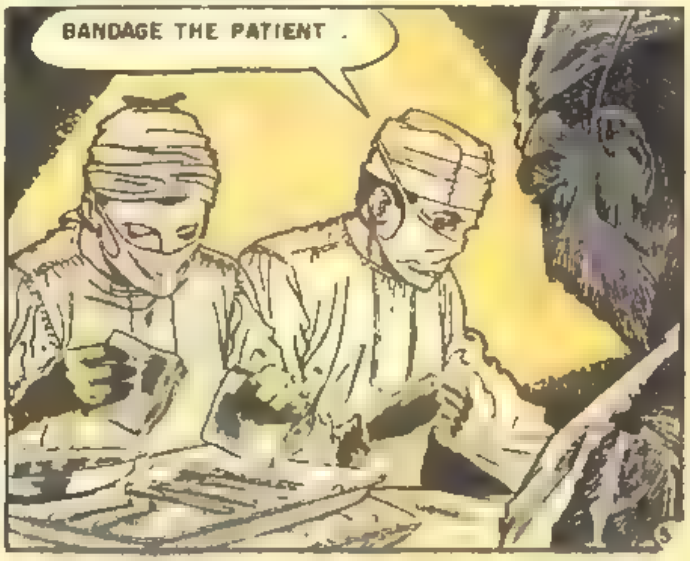
THE BONE-CHIP IS FITTED INTO PLACE AS ONE FITS A SEGMENT IN A JIG SAW PUZZLE. THE GRAFT IS HELD BY MEANS OF VITELLIUM SCREWS WHICH PIERCE THE CHIP AND FASTEN IT TO THE UNINJURED JAWBONE

ALTHOUGH THE FIRST PHASE IS NOW COMPLETE, FOR THE PATIENT, THE ORDEAL HAS JUST BEGUN. FOR SIX WEEKS SHE MUST BE FED INTRAVENOUSLY, HER JAW IMMOBILIZED, WHILE THE NEW BONE SLOWLY GROWS INTO PLACE AND THE INCISION MENDS, LEAVING ONLY A FINE, WHITE, BARELY DISCERNABLE SCAR. THEN...


MARIAN, DOCTOR WILSON SAYS YOUR JAW IS HEALING *FINE!* YOU'RE GOING TO THE OPERATING ROOM TOMORROW...
FOR WHAT!? WHY DON'T THEY LEAVE ME *ALONE!?* IT'S ALL A WASTE OF *TIME!* I *KNOW* THAT THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY FACE IS *CAVED IN*... THAT I'M *UGLY!* WHAT CAN *THEY* DO?

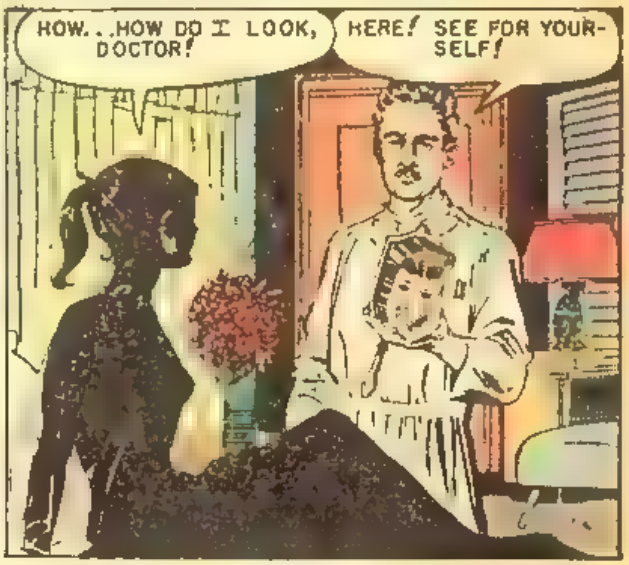
THE SECOND OPERATION OF THE SERIES IS PERFORMED TO RELIEVE THE DEPRESSION OF THE MALAR-PROCESS OF THE ZYGOMA, WHICH CAUSES THE CHEEK BONE AREA OF THE FACE TO SINK IN. IF THE BONE IS NOT SMASHED, THE SURGEON'S PROCEDURE IS TO PUSH IT BACK INTO SHAPE, ALMOST IN THE MANNER OF REMOVING A DENT FROM A MAN'S FELT HAT...

IN THE LAST OF THE SERIES, THE DAMAGE TO THE NOSE IS REPAIRED, NEW CARTILEGE IS GRAFTED IN, AND THE ORGAN RESTORED...

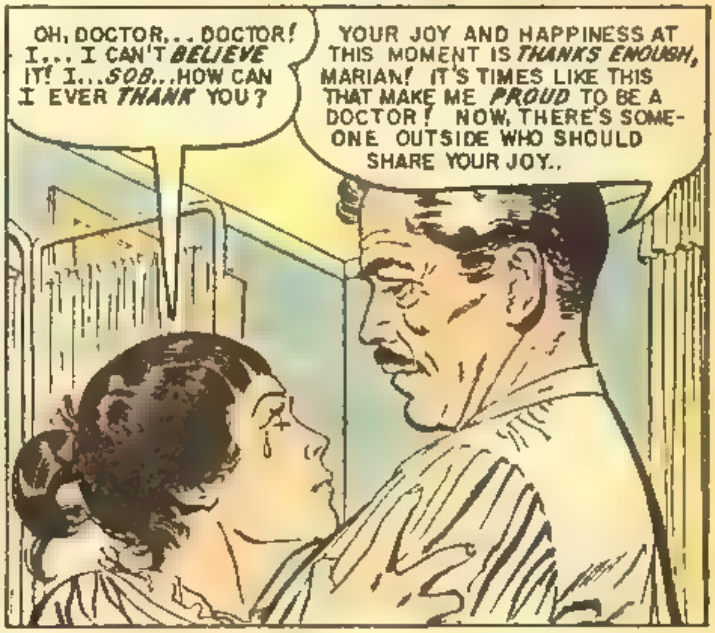


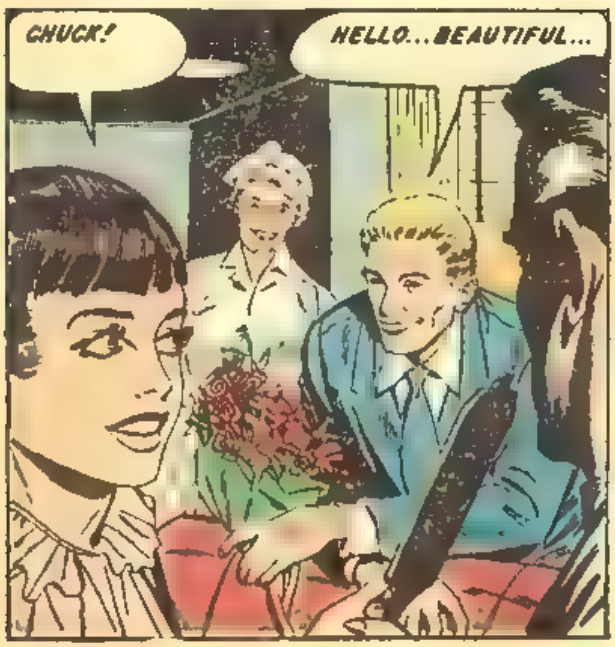
ALMOST EIGHT MONTHS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE TERRIBLE DAY OF THE ACCIDENT. MONTHS OF PAIN AND DISPAIR FOR MARIAN. NOW, TIME HAS RUN OUT, FOR THIS IS THE DAY THE BANDAGES ARE TO BE REMOVED...

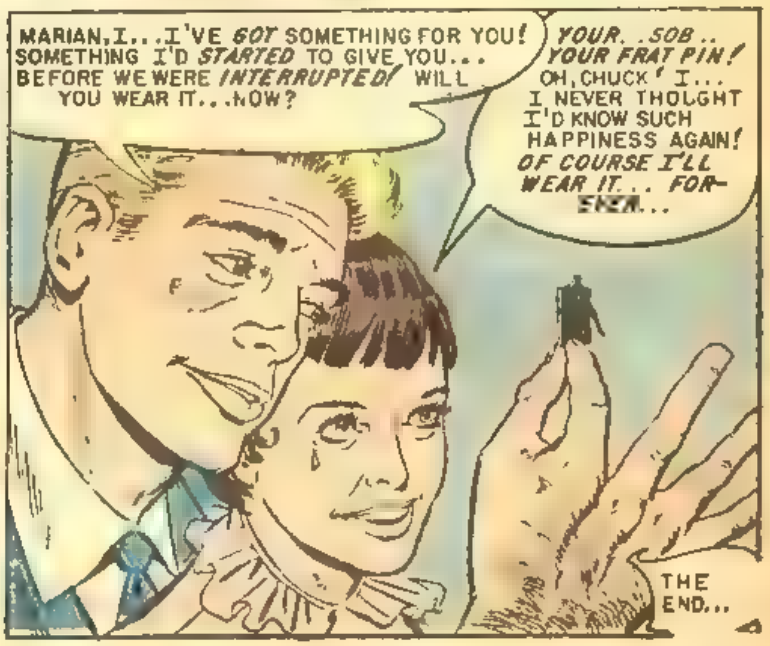
THE SURGEON CAREFULLY REMOVES THE BANDAGES... STUDIES THE GIRL'S FACE... AND SMILES...



DOCTOR WILSON WILSON HANDS MARIAN A MIRROR...


OH, DOCTOR... DOCTOR! I... I CAN'T *BELIEVE* IT! I...*SOB*...HOW CAN I EVER *THANK* YOU?
YOUR JOY AND HAPPINESS AT THIS MOMENT IS *THANKS ENOUGH*, MARIAN! IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS THAT MAKE ME *PROUD* TO BE A DOCTOR! NOW, THERE'S SOMEONE OUTSIDE WHO SHOULD SHARE YOUR JOY..




MARIAN, I...I'VE *GOT* SOMETHING FOR YOU! SOMETHING I'D *STARTED* TO GIVE YOU... BEFORE WE WERE *INTERRUPTED*! WILL YOU WEAR IT...NOW?
YOUR...*SOB*.. *YOUR FRAT PIN!* OH, CHUCK! I... I NEVER THOUGHT I'D KNOW SUCH HAPPINESS AGAIN! *OF COURSE I'LL WEAR IT... FOREVER...*
THE END...

POINT OF VIEW

DIAGNOSIS: *Loss of Sight* PROCEDURE: *Corneal Transplant*

DONALD ARCHER SWAM UP OUT OF HIS UNCONSCIOUSNESS INTO A WORLD OF PAIN. AT FIRST, HE WAS NOT AWARE THAT HIS BODY, FROM NECK TO HIPS, WAS RIGID AND UNYIELDING THERE WAS ONLY THE AGONY SOMEWHERE IN HIS SPINE AND THERE WAS THAT OTHER AGONY, TOO THE AGONY IN HIS MIND THE QUESTION THAT BEAT AND HAMMERED IN HIS SKULL. THE QUESTION THAT MARTIN SELDON, M.D. SEEMED NOT EVEN TO HEAR

MY MY *WIFE* M-MY LITTLE *GIRL* WHERE *ARE* THEY? WHAT WHAT *HAPPENED* TO THEM?

TRY NOT TO EXCITE YOURSELF, MR ARCHER YOU'VE HAD A SEVERE TRAUMATIC SHOCK. YOU'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS SINCE THE ACCIDENT

ARCHER STUDIED THE WHITE-COATED DOCTOR WITH THE CALM, IMPERSONAL EYES. HE SEEMED SO COLDLY PROFESSIONAL

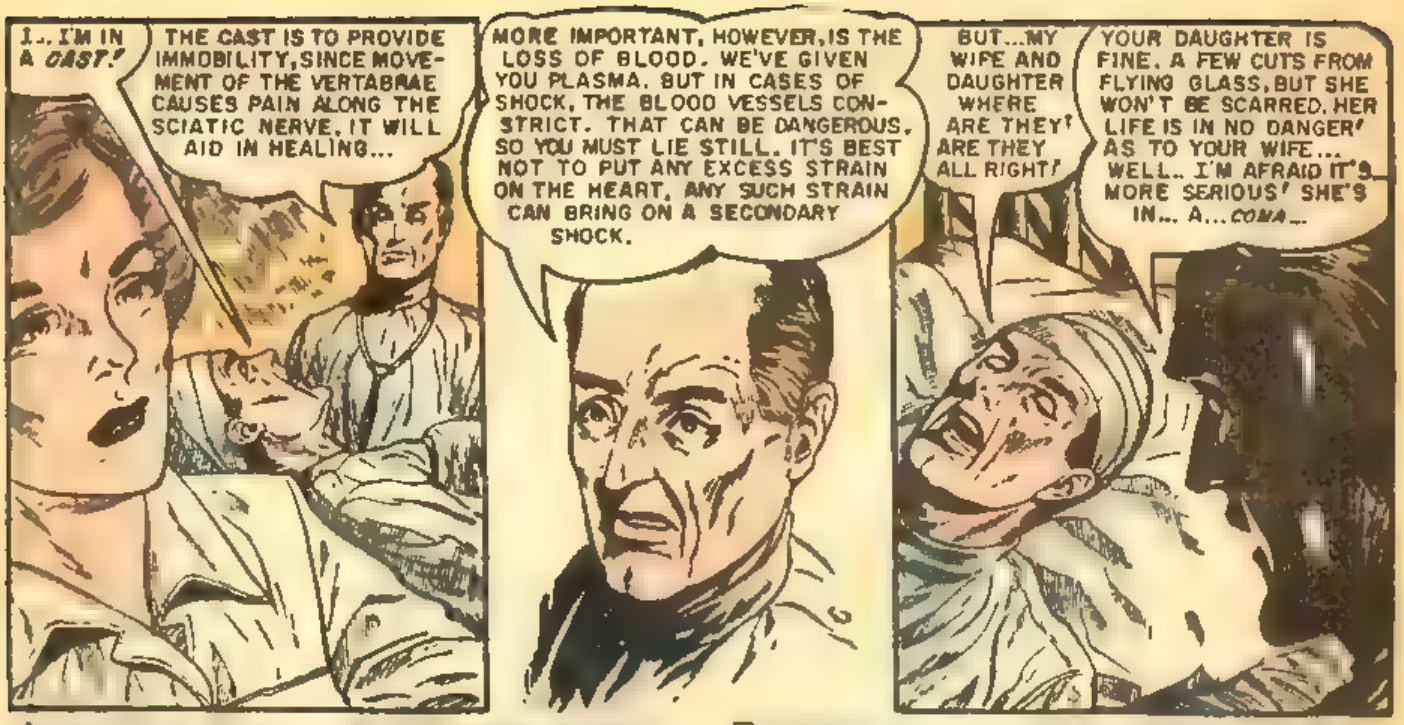
YOU'RE YOU'RE NOT *ANSWERING* ME!

NURSE, ADMINISTER A SEDATIVE MORPHINE ONE QUARTER GRAIN

ARCHER THOUGHT THIS DOCTOR HE WAS LIKE ICE SO UNFEELING SO MATTER OF-FACT BUT ARCHER DID NOT HATE HIM, YET THAT WOULD COME LATER

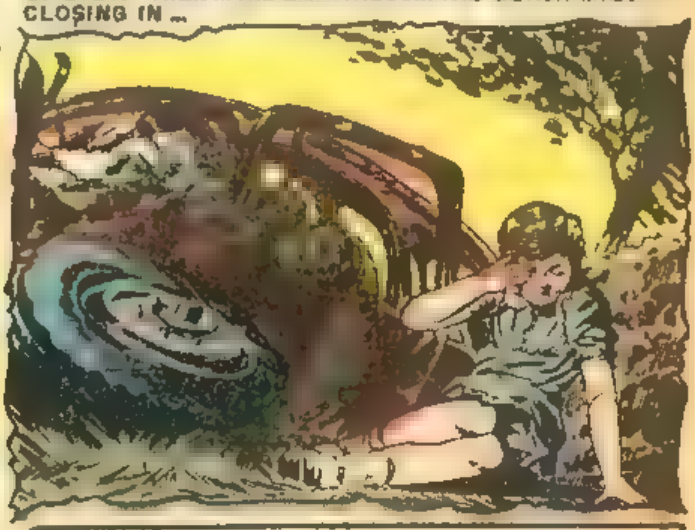
MY FAMILY? WHAT ABOUT MY ?

JUST RELAX, MR ARCHER YOU'VE HAD A BAD HEAD INJURY, YOU'VE LOST A LOT OF BLOOD, AND YOU SPRAINED SEVERAL VERTABRAE

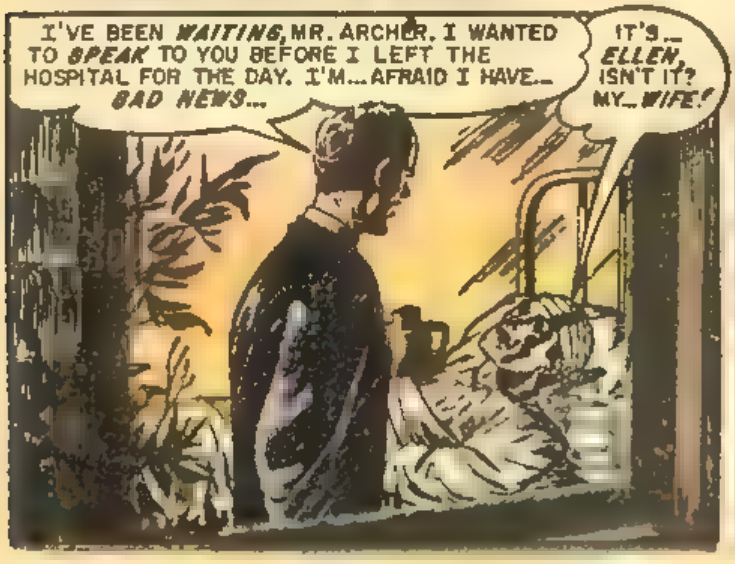

I.. I'M IN A CAST!
THE CAST IS TO PROVIDE IMMOBILITY, SINCE MOVEMENT OF THE VERTABRAE CAUSES PAIN ALONG THE SCIATIC NERVE. IT WILL AID IN HEALING...
MORE IMPORTANT, HOWEVER, IS THE LOSS OF BLOOD. WE'VE GIVEN YOU PLASMA. BUT IN CASES OF SHOCK, THE BLOOD VESSELS CONSTRICT. THAT CAN BE DANGEROUS. SO YOU MUST LIE STILL. IT'S BEST NOT TO PUT ANY EXCESS STRAIN ON THE HEART, ANY SUCH STRAIN CAN BRING ON A SECONDARY SHOCK.
BUT... MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER WHERE ARE THEY? ARE THEY ALL RIGHT?
YOUR DAUGHTER IS FINE. A FEW CUTS FROM FLYING GLASS, BUT SHE WON'T BE SCARRED. HER LIFE IS IN NO DANGER! AS TO YOUR WIFE... WELL.. I'M AFRAID IT'S MORE SERIOUS! SHE'S IN... A... COMA...

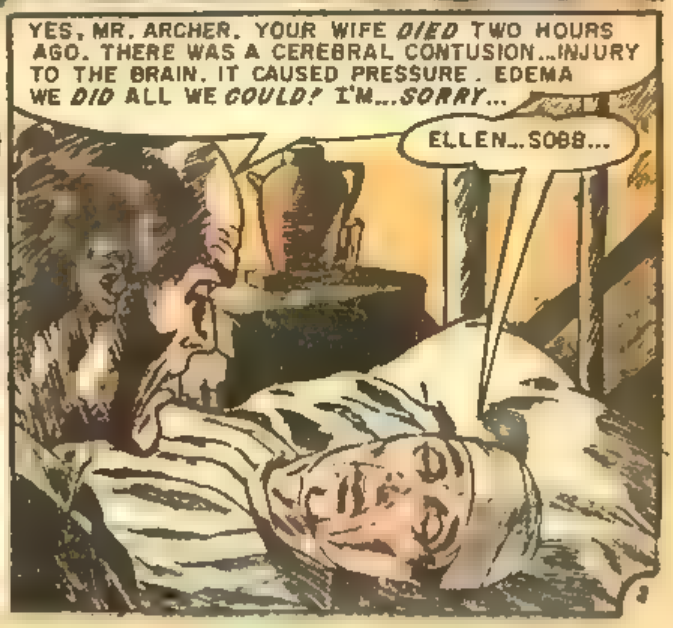
ARCHER TRIED TO FIGHT THE DROWSYNESS CREEPING OVER HIM... THE EFFECT OF THE SEDATIVE. HE TRIED... AND LOST. THE DARKNESS CAME BACK. HIS EYES CLOSED. THE SOUND OF THE DOCTOR'S VOICE FADED... REPLACED BY THE MEMORY OF OTHER SOUNDS... THE SQUEAL OF TIRES.. THE WRENCHING, TEARING IMPACT OF METAL AND GLASS..

THE STEERING WHEEL... FAILING. THE CAR SKIDDING... CRASHING. ARCHER REMEMBERED, VAGUELY.. HIS WIFE, LYING SO STILL. AND BETH... LITTLE BETH, SOBBING QUIETLY. THEN... THE EMPTINESS... THE BLACK MIST CLOSING IN...



THE MEMORY FADED. ARCHER SLEPT. IT WAS FULLY EIGHT HOURS BEFORE HE OPENED HIS EYES AGAIN...


I'VE BEEN WAITING, MR. ARCHER. I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU BEFORE I LEFT THE HOSPITAL FOR THE DAY. I'M... AFRAID I HAVE... BAD NEWS...
IT'S... ELLEN, ISN'T IT? MY... WIFE!


YES, MR. ARCHER. YOUR WIFE DIED TWO HOURS AGO. THERE WAS A CEREBRAL CONTUSION... INJURY TO THE BRAIN. IT CAUSED PRESSURE. EDEMA WE DID ALL WE COULD! I'M... SORRY...
ELLEN... SOBB...

ELLEN... DEAD? IT SEEMED, SOMEHOW, TO ARCHER, THAT THIS WAS A DREAM... A NIGHTMARE FROM WHICH HE'D SOON AWAKE. YET THERE WAS THAT CALM, COLD VOICE...

I *KNOW* WHAT A GREAT *LOSS* YOU'VE SUFFERED, MR. ARCHER... BUT YOUR LOSS CAN *HELP* SOMEONE. THAT'S WHY I'M *HERE!* I WANT TO *ASK* YOU FOR SOMETHING! A *FAVOR!*

YOU SEE, I HAVE A PATIENT WHO IS *BLIND!* BUT, WITH *YOUR HELP*, MY PATIENT COULD *SEE* AGAIN.. THROUGH THE *EYES* OF YOUR *WIFE*...

THE EYES OF MY *WIFE!?*

EXACTLY. BY OPTHALMIC SURGERY, IT IS POSSIBLE TO TRANSFER THE HEALTHY CORNEAL TISSUE FROM THE EYE OF A RECENTLY DECEASED PERSON TO THE EYE OF SOMEONE WHO HAS SUFFERED CORNEAL DAMAGE...

IT WAS THEN THAT THE HATE TOOK HOLD. THE WORDS: LUKOMA, OPTHALMIA, CORNEAL MEMBRANE...THEY WERE GIBBERISH TO ARCHER. BUT THIS MAN...THIS DOCTOR... HE WAS INHUMAN...

NATURALLY, I UNDERSTAND YOUR *FEELINGS* AT THIS MOMENT. BUT UNFORTUNATELY, THE TRANSPLANT *MUST* BE MADE WITHIN *FORTY-EIGHT HOURS AFTER DEATH*...

AND YOU THINK I'D *AGREE* TO THAT!?

GET OUT! LEAVE ME ALONE! I LOVED MY WIFE! DO YOU THINK I'D CONSENT TO LETTING YOU DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT TO HER!?

YOUR WIFE IS BEYOND HARM, BUT HER EYES COULD GIVE *NEW LIFE* TO SOMEONE, MR. ARCHER. MY PATIENT IS NOT W_LL-TO-DO, AND ..

WHAT DO *I* CARE ABOUT YOUR PATIENT!? WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT *YOU!?* MY *WIFE* IS *DEAD!* WHY SHOULD I GIVE CHARITY TO *YOUR* PATIENT? SUCH... SUCH *HORRIBLE CHARITY*...

THEN... YOU *REFUSE!?*

YES, I REFUSE! I KNOW HOW *COLD-BLOODED* YOU DOCTORS ARE! YOU'RE *NOT HUMAN!* BUT *I AM!* I'LL *NEVER* GIVE MY CONSENT! *NEVER!* *NEVER!*

I'M SORRY I UPSET YOU, MR. ARCHER. THE NURSE WILL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO QUIET YOUR NERVES!

THE HATE BURNED THEN IN ARCHER. WHITE HOT. BUT IT DIED LATER. SLOWLY. AND GRIEF TOOK ITS PLACE..

NURSE, WHEN THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED, I HAD SOME *PICTURES* IN MY WALLET. THERE WAS A PICTURE OF.. MY WIFE...

I UNDERSTAND, MR ARCHER. I'LL GET THEM FOR YOU'

LATER, THERE WAS ONLY THE SICK EMPTY SORROW OF LOSS

AND YET, MEN RARELY DIE OF GRIEF. THERE WAS A TIME, HOURS LATER, WHEN ARCHER'S SORROW HAD DULLED TO A POIGNANT ACHE

NURSE THIS *PATIENT* OF DOCTOR SELDON'S? WHO IS HE?

I'M AFRAID I DON'T KNOW, MR. ARCHER BUT I COULD *FIND OUT*... IF YOU'RE INTERESTED..

TO THAT, ARCHER SHOOK HIS HEAD. AND AFTERWARD, HE TRIED TO FORGET THAT SOMEWHERE THERE WAS A HUMAN BEING WHO COULD LIVE AGAIN.. SEE AGAIN IF ONLY HE SPOKE THE WORD. HE TRIED BUT HE FAILED

MORNING, ARCHER. I BROUGHT SOMEONE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET' THIS IS DOCTOR FERRIS. HE'S AN OPTHAMOLOGIST. AN EYE SPECIALIST.

SOMEONE WHO MIGHT TALK ME INTO GIVING YOU MY WIFE'S EYES, EH? YOU DON'T GIVE UP, DO YOU? HOW CAN YOU BE SO ...SO *ROTTEN*?

ROTTEN, MR ARCHER? THAT DEPENDS UPON THE *POINT OF VIEW*' DOCTOR SELDON IS MERELY DOING WHAT HE FEELS IS HIS DUTY' PERHAPS IF YOU'LL LISTEN TO WHAT *I* HAVE TO SAY, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND..

DOCTOR SELDON IS ATTEMPTING TO SAVE A HUMAN BEING FROM A LIFETIME OF *DARKNESS*' IS *THAT* "ROTTEN"?

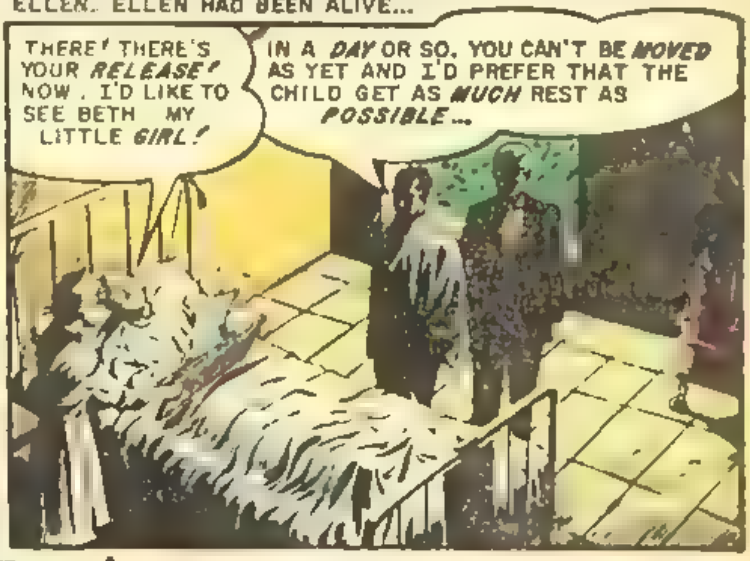
YES! IT *IS*' WHAT ABOUT *ME*? HOW CAN ANY MAN COME TO ANOTHER MAN AND TELL HIM HE MUSTN'T EXCITE HIMSELF.. THEN ASK OF *HIM* WHAT DOCTOR SELDON ASKED OF *ME*?

THE PAIN HE CAUSED YOU COULD NOT BE *AVOIDED*, MR. ARCHER. WOULD YOUR *WIFE* HAVE FELT AS YOU DO? OR WOULD SHE HAVE *DIED HAPPIER*, KNOWING THAT SHE WAS *HELPING* SOMEONE?

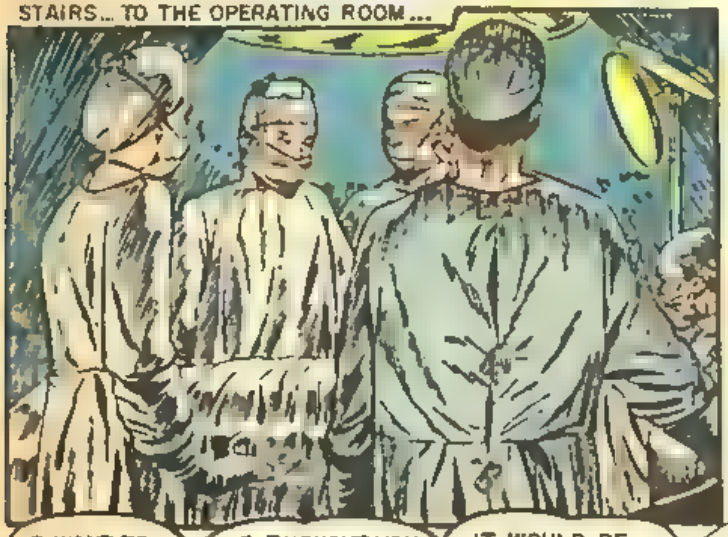
GRIEF CAN BE *VERY SELFISH*, MR. ARCHER. BUT WHY SHOULD *YOUR* GRIEF DEPRIVE SOMEONE ELSE OF *SIGHT*?

SELFISHNESS! HE DARED TO CALL IT THAT! HE, WHO DEALT ONLY IN COLD LOGIC AND IGNORED THE FACT THAT HE WAS TALKING TO A HUMAN BEING! STILL...WHAT DOCTOR FERRIS HAD SAID WAS TRUE, ARCHER KNEW THAT ...DOWN DEEP...

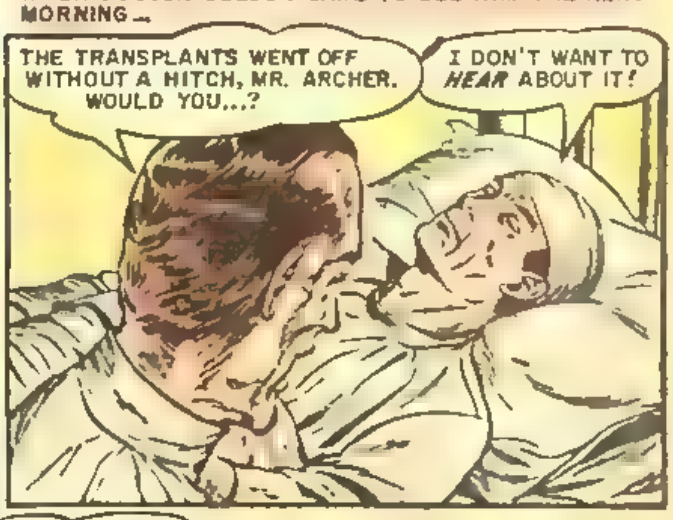
THEY BROUGHT THE PAPERS THEN, AND EVEN AS HE SIGNED THEM, ARCHER WAS THINKING: JUST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO, ELLEN. ELLEN HAD BEEN ALIVE...


THERE! THERE'S YOUR *RELEASE!* NOW, I'D LIKE TO SEE BETH MY LITTLE *GIRL!*
IN A *DAY* OR SO, YOU CAN'T BE *MOVED* AS YET AND I'D PREFER THAT THE CHILD GET AS *MUCH* REST AS *POSSIBLE*...

PERHAPS IT WAS JUST AS WELL. HOW COULD ARCHER TELL HER? HE CLOSED HIS EYES ON THE TEARS AND DOCTOR FERRIS AND DOCTOR SELDON WENT OUT. THEY WENT UP-STAIRS... TO THE OPERATING ROOM...



ARCHER WEPT THEN. HE KNEW NOTHING OF WHAT HAPPENED IN SURGERY, AND CARED LESS... EVEN WHEN DOCTOR SELDON CAME TO SEE HIM THE NEXT MORNING...



I WANT TO SEE MY *DAUGHTER!*
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN MY *PATIENT!* BUT... VERY WELL. I'LL HAVE A WHEELCHAIR BROUGHT IN.
IT WOULD BE *BEST*, THOUGH, IF YOU WEREN'T *MOVED*" HOWEVER, IF YOU *INSIST*...
I INSIST! I'M A *HUMAN BEING!* I'VE GOT *FEELINGS* ...EVEN IF *YOU* HAVEN'T! I HAVE TO *TELL* BETH... ABOUT HER *MOTHER!*

A WHEELCHAIR WAS BROUGHT AND ARCHER WAS LIFTED INTO IT. HE STEELED HIMSELF WHEN DOCTOR SELDON WHEELED HIM TO A DOOR...

THE DOOR WAS SWUNG OPEN. ARCHER STARED AT THE DOCTOR STANDING BESIDE THE BED WITHIN...
FERRIS! YOU! TH-THIS ISN'T BETH'S ROOM! SELDON TRICKED ME! THAT... THAT MAN THERE! THAT'S THE ONE YOU GAVE MY WIFE'S EYES TO, ISN'T IT?
THIS IS THE PATIENT, MR ARCHER!
YES! BUT...
HOW DARE YOU BRING ME HERE!? WHO GAVE YOU THE RIGHT?! I DON'T WANT TO SEE HIM! I DON'T WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM!
YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH, MR. ARCHER!
I'M NOT INTERESTED! TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE!
YOU SHOULD BE INTERESTED, MR. ARCHER! YOU SEE, MY OTHER PATIENT...THE ONE WHO NEEDED THE EYES... IS QUITE IMPORTANT TO YOU!
IMPORTANT!?
WHEN I TOLD YOU ABOUT YOUR WIFE, YOU'D JUST COME OUT OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, MR. ARCHER. I HAD TO WITHHOLD THE REST LEST THE NEWS CAUSE YOU TO GO INTO SECONDARY SHOCK!
IT WAS THE FLYING GLASS, WHEN YOUR CAR STRUCK THAT POLE. IT GRAZED THE CORNERS. IN TIME, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN SCAR TISSUE... BLINDNESS. NOW.
DADDY? IS THAT YOU?
ARCHER LOOKED AT THE SMALL FIGURE ON THE BED WITH HER EYES PADDED AND BANDAGED.. EYES THAT SOON WOULD SEE CLEARLY. WHEN THEY WHEELED HIM CLOSE, HIS VOICE WAS A WHISPER...
YES, BETH, DARLING! IT'S ...YOUR DADDY!
AND DONALD ARCHER LOOKED AT DOCTOR SELDON AND SAW HIM CLEARLY_FOR THE FIRST TIME...
THE END

THE NEEDLES

Dear Editors,

Congratulations on your outstanding book about doctors. Not meaning to contradict you, I would say that the *doctor* is really the "hero." Take into consideration the long day he puts in, office house and visits to homes and hospitals He has very little time of his own. I just had to tell you how much I enjoyed reading "M.D." and that I am happy doctors are finally getting the recognition, credit and thanks due them.

Mrs. Maurice Kirst
Lebanon, Pa.

..I have just finished reading your "New Direction" mag "M.D." I have never read *anything* to compare with it. My father is a doctor, so it is natural that I would be interested in seeing a magazine such as "M D." I can find nothing wrong in anything you have printed.

Steve Stanley
Dallas, Texas

..Not only is it a true-to-life book, but it is also educational. It is, too, a great tribute to the M.D 's of our nation who play such an important part in our lives. I enjoyed the book very much and I am looking forward to many more issues.

Stephen Wm. Snider
Brookline, Mass.

...I have read many of your other magazines, but I think M.D. is without a doubt the best one you have ever put out. I especially like its fine illustrations and realism.

Carolyn Kuawic
Dumont, N. J.

...It is the best you have ever published. There is more drama and sympathy in it than in any book I have ever read.

Omer Shumate
Charleston, Ark.

. . A great book

Frank Hyer
New Orleans, La.

...Hats off to E.C. You people have certainly engaged in a very enterprising and worthwhile venture.

Linda Dunn
Kenmore, N. Y.

...In your first issue of "M.D.", you have achieved a new standard in magazines of the comic book type. It is hoped that you will continue in your endeavor to improve these magazines.

Joseph A. Johnson
Lynchburg, Va.

...I have just finished reading your magazine, M D , and I think it is just wonderful. I'm a sophmore in high school, and after I finish, I intend going to medical school.

Gwen Kaye
Chicago, Ill

..."M D." is, I think, the best book in the E C. "New Direction" line.

Bob Barron
Schenectady, N. Y.

...With your "New Direction" mags, especially with M.D., comes an enlightening experience in reading. May I say congratulations. "New Direction" E.C.'s are here to stay.

Leon Tathan
Sallisaw, Okla.

...I enjoyed reading your new magazine, M.D. I think the stories were outstanding. They were very true to life... as good as anything shown on television. The book should be a big success.

Steven Catsiff
Phila , Pa

...I think your "M.D." magazine is really fabulous.

Noel Barrett
Mt. Vernon, Virginia

...I found it very interesting and absorbing. The stories you put into this book are a sort of dedication to the medical profession. They show how hard and relentlessly our doctors really work.

William F. Campbell
Syracuse, N. Y.

...A tribute to the unsung heroes of the medical profession.

Ray DiGiovanni
Astoria, L. I.

...We are studying diseases in school, and your magazine is very helpful. Our teacher said that we could hand it in with our science report. Everybody in our room is buying "M.D."

Julius Weingart
Chicago, Ill.

. I don't know how you do it, but you surpass your own magazines by coming out with better and better editions. Your "M.D." idea is outstanding. The art work is magnificent... like looking at a movie.

Frank Odierna
Yonkers, N. Y.

...Your "M.D." magazine is simply wonderful. The stories and illustrations are heart-warming, as well as educational. The subject matter is of human interest, and young and old will enjoy reading this magazine.

Ellen Sinn
Honolulu, Hawaii

Keep writing your criticisms and compliments. Your letters help guide us with future issues. The address is:

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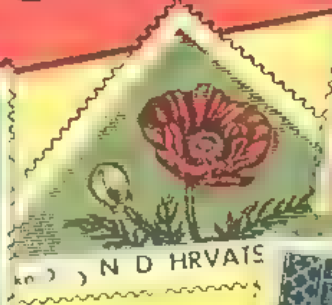

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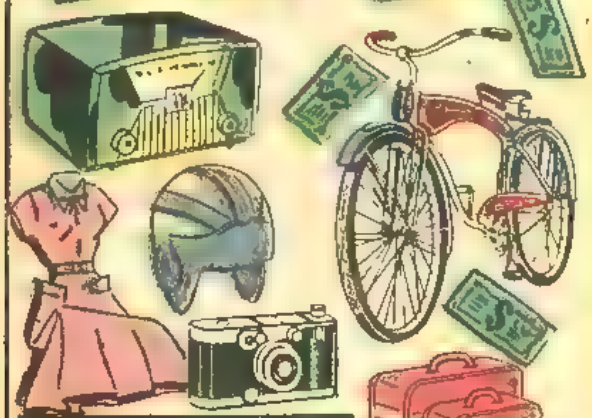

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Why not get all those things your heart is set on with money you earn by yourself! You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time! All you do is show our gorgeous greeting card samples for Birthdays, other year 'round occasions and Christmas. We send you samples on approval. Friends, neighbors, relatives, almost *everybody* who sees your samples buys on sight. You make sensational cash profits—fast!

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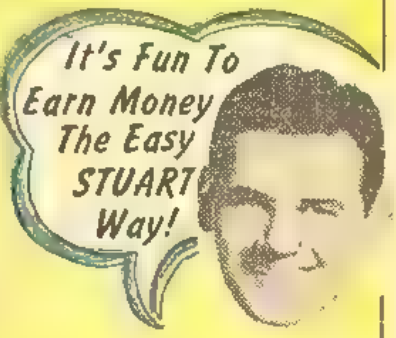

It's Easy To Make Money... Look At These Exceptional Earning Records

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J.G., Mass., made $120.00
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YES! I want to earn extra spending money Please send details with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples FREE.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City & Zone*_____ *State*_____

If for a club, give its name above.

WORRIED SICK

DIAGNOSIS: Duodenal Ulcer

PROCEDURE: Gastro-Enterostomy

WHEN MARTIN COOPER WENT TO SEE HIS FAMILY PHYSICAN, HOWARD KEATON, M.D, AND DESCRIBED HIS SYMPTOMS, THE DOCTOR LISTENED PATIENTLY BUT WHEN A MEDICAL MAN KNOWS A FAMILY AS INTIMATELY AS DOCTOR KEATON KNEW MARTIN AND ILENE COOPER, HE CAN ALMOST DIAGNOSE THE TROUBLE IN ADVANCE. DOCTOR KEATON COULD HAVE TOLD MARTY YEARS BEFORE TO LET UP. . .OR PAY THE CONSEQUENCES.

EVERY DAY THE PAINS COME, DOCTOR. HERE.. IN THE PIT OF MY STOMACH. GAS PAINS, THEY FEEL LIKE. THEY COME LATE IN THE MORNING, MOSTLY.. OR LATE IN THE AFTERNOON. A COUPLE OF TIMES LATELY, THOUGH, I'VE AWAKENED WITH THEM AFTER MIDNIGHT. AND A FUNNY THING, DOC... IF I *EAT* SOMETHING, THE PAINS *GO AWAY!*

MARTY, I'M PRETTY SURE I *KNOW* WHAT'S WRONG! I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT YOU LATER WITH THE *FLUORO-SCOPE*... BUT FIRST, LET'S *TALK*... ABOUT *YOU* AND *ILENE*... AND ABOUT *WORRYING!*

MARTIN COOPER SMILED, DESPITE HIS DISCOMFORT... A THIN, SAD SMILE...

WORRY, EH? YOU'D THINK NOBODY WOULD *NOTICE* THINGS LIKE THAT, DOC. *YOU* NOTICED, THOUGH! YOU DON'T KNOW THE WHOLE STORY, BUT YOU'RE SAYING WORRY IS PARTLY TO BLAME, AREN'T YOU?

I KNEW YOU *BEFORE* YOU WERE MARRIED, MARTY. YOU WERE *EASY-GOING... SMILING* ALL THE TIME! I'M *SURE* YOU *LOVE* ILENE

LOVE HER!? I *ADORE* MY WIFE, DOC! MAYBE I'D BE BETTER OFF IF I *DIDN'T* CARE SO MUCH, BUT.. WELL... LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT'S *BEEN* THESE PAST EIGHT YEARS... FROM THE *BEGINNING...*

GEORGE EVANS '55

"WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED, I WAS MAKING ABOUT TWELVE THOUSAND A YEAR FROM MY WHOLESALE GROCERY BUSINESS. WE HAD A COMFORTABLE APARTMENT... NICE CLOTHES. I WAS DOING FINE... I THOUGHT..."

...LOOK, HONEY, I PUT IN A HARD DAY! I'M TIRED! CAN'T EVA GET SOMEBODY *ELSE* FOR HER BRIDGE PARTY?

MARTY, I ALL BUT *ASKED* EVA TO INVITE US. I *KNOW* YOU'RE TIRED.. AND YOU DON'T *CARE* FOR BRIDGE, BUT THAT'S NOT *IMPORTANT!* THE BIG THING IS MEETING SOME OF HER *FRIENDS*, LIKE HARRY BEECHER...

BEECHER!? IS HE THE SAME BEECHER WHO MANAGES *COASTWIDE SUPERMARKETS?*

THE *SAME*, MARTY! PEOPLE LIKE THAT CAN DO A *LOT* FOR YOU. IT WOULD *MEAN* SOMETHING TO GET *THEIR* BUSINESS, *WOULDN'T* IT? SURE, *I'M* TIRED, *TOO*... BUT I FEEL IT'S A WIFE'S *JOB* TO MAKE CONTACTS FOR HER HUSBAND...

"SO I WENT TO EVA HEALY'S BRIDGE PARTY...NOT BECAUSE I WAS AMBITIOUS ...BUT BECAUSE I KNEW IT WOULD PLEASE ILENE..."

..WELL, IF THAT ISN'T A *COINCIDENCE*, MR BEECHER! *MARTY* IS IN THE GROCERY BUSINESS, *TOO!* IN THE *WHOLESALE* END!

REALLY? WHO ARE YOU *WITH*, COOPER?

IT'S MY *OWN* OUTFIT, MR. BEECHER. "COOPER QUALITY DISTRIBUTORS"! I DON'T *DEAL* MUCH WITH *CHAIN STORES*... MOSTLY *INDEPENDENTS*!

THE *BIG* MONEY IS IN THE *SUPERMARKETS*, COOPER! WHY, *I* COULD GIVE YOU A BIGGER ORDER IN *ONE MONTH* THAN YOU COULD GET FROM *TWENTY* SMALL GROCERS IN A *YEAR!* A BIG TURNOVER IS...

IT'S *WONDERFUL* OF YOU TO *OFFER* MARTY A CHANCE LIKE THAT, MR. BEECHER!

WELL, I DIDN'T *MEAN*.. HEH HEH! THIS WIFE OF YOURS HAS QUITE A *HEAD* ON HER SHOULDERS, COOPER! *WHY NOT?* TELL YOU WHAT! DROP IN TOMORROW AND WE'LL TALK BUSINESS!

"THE NEXT DAY, I GOT AN ORDER FROM BEECHER...A BIG ONE. AND HE TOLD ME IF THE PRODUCTS MOVED, COAST-WIDE WOULD BE A REGULAR CUSTOMER..."

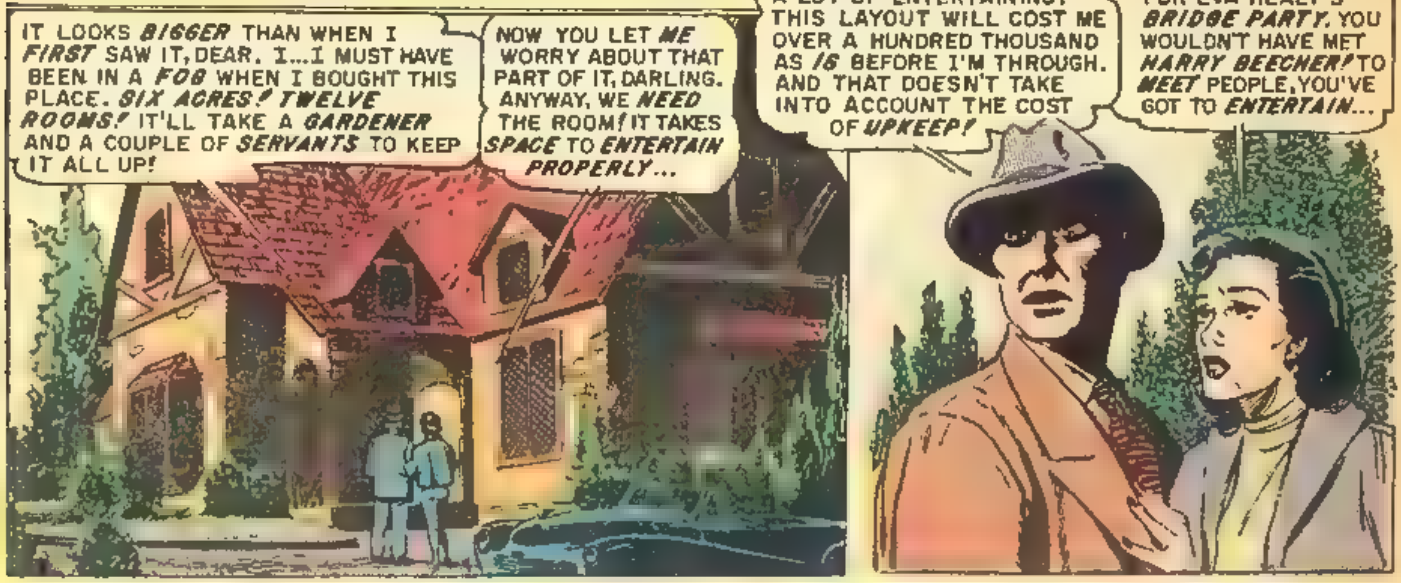
YOU DON'T THINK I *BUTTED IN* TOO MUCH LAST NIGHT, DO YOU MARTY?

I CAN'T *COMPLAIN*, ILENE. IF BEECHER IS *SATISFIED*, MY INCOME WILL JUMP TO *FORTY THOUSAND A YEAR!* IT WILL MEAN A LOT MORE *WORK* FOR ME, BUT...

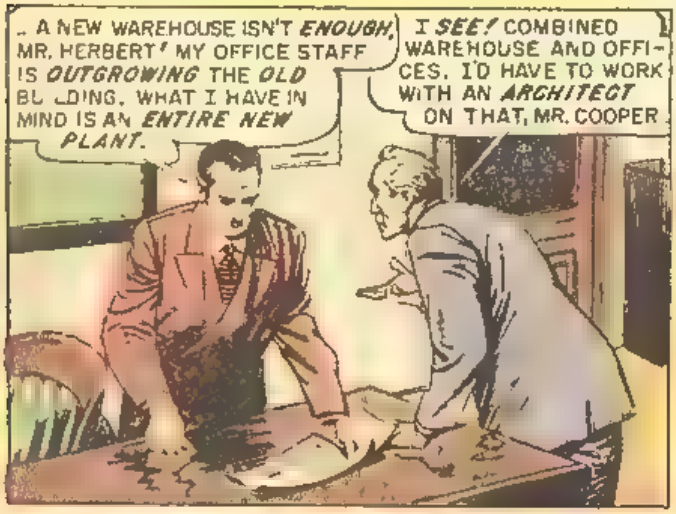
FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! OH, MARTY! THEN WE COULD BUY THAT *HOUSE* WE'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF OWNING!

HOUSE!? I NEVER WANTED A *HOUSE*, HONEY! I'M SATISFIED WITH AN *APARTMENT!* LET SOMEONE *ELSE* HAVE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF KEEPING UP A HOUSE!

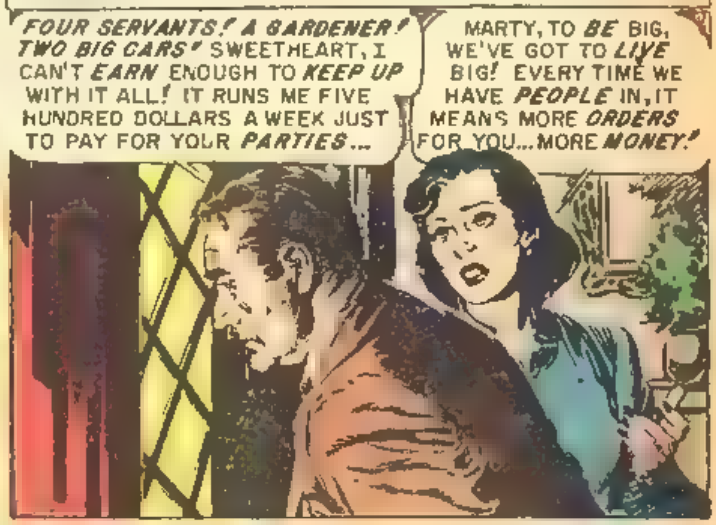
"COASTWIDE WAS *MORE* THAN SATISFIED WITH THE PRODUCTS I HANDLED. NOT ONLY DID THEY ORDER REGULARLY...THEY *INCREASED* THEIR ORDERS. AND ILENE? SHE GOT HER HOUSE...

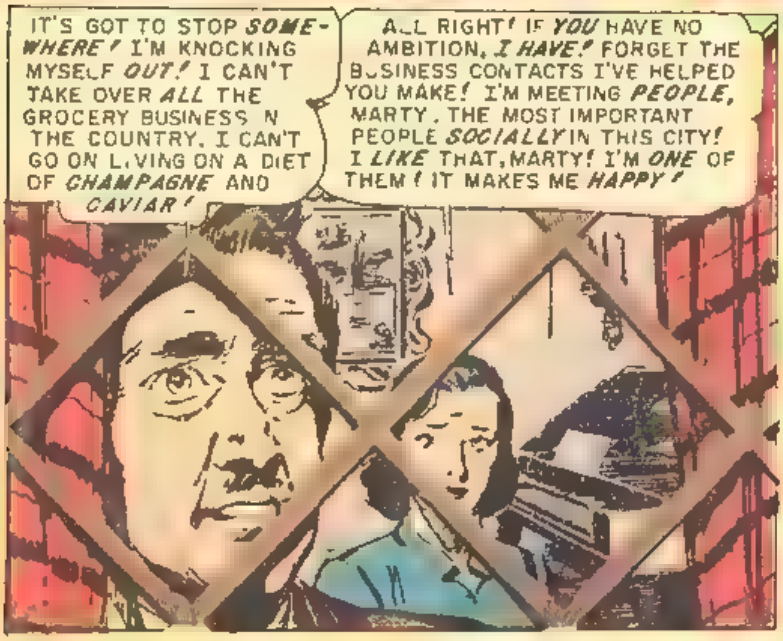

IT LOOKS *BIGGER* THAN WHEN I *FIRST* SAW IT, DEAR. I...I MUST HAVE BEEN IN A *FOG* WHEN I BOUGHT THIS PLACE. *SIX ACRES! TWELVE ROOMS!* IT'LL TAKE A *GARDENER* AND A COUPLE OF *SERVANTS* TO KEEP IT ALL UP!
NOW YOU LET *ME* WORRY ABOUT THAT PART OF IT, DARLING. ANYWAY, WE *NEED* THE ROOM! IT TAKES *SPACE* TO *ENTERTAIN PROPERLY*...
ILENE, HONEY, DON'T GET ANY BIG IDEAS ABOUT DOING A LOT OF ENTERTAINING. THIS LAYOUT WILL COST ME OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND AS *IS* BEFORE I'M THROUGH. AND THAT DOESN'T TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE COST OF *UPKEEP!*
YOU WOULDN'T *HAVE* THIS IF IT WEREN'T FOR EVA HEALY'S *BRIDGE PARTY.* YOU WOULDN'T HAVE MET *HARRY BEECHER!* TO *MEET* PEOPLE, YOU'VE GOT TO *ENTERTAIN*...

"SO ILENE ENTERTAINED, AND I MET PEOPLE. MY BUSINESS INCREASED INSIDE OF THREE YEARS TO A MILLION DOLLARS GROSS. I FOUND IT NECESSARY TO HIRE A CONTRACTOR..."

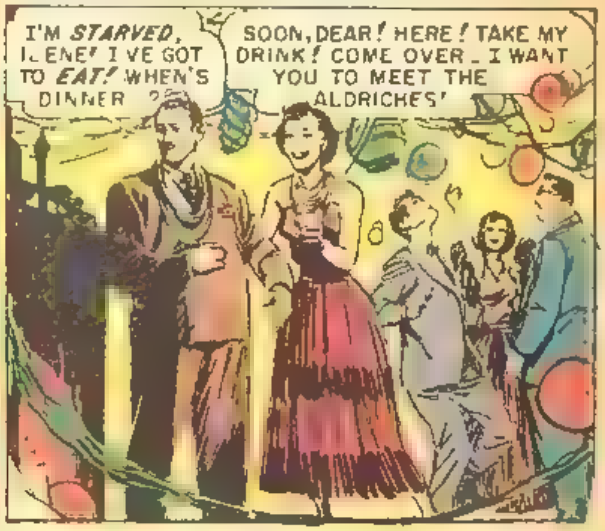

...A NEW WAREHOUSE ISN'T *ENOUGH*, MR. HERBERT! MY OFFICE STAFF IS *OUTGROWING* THE *OLD* BUILDING. WHAT I HAVE IN MIND IS AN *ENTIRE NEW PLANT.*
I *SEE!* COMBINED WAREHOUSE AND OFFICES. I'D HAVE TO WORK WITH AN *ARCHITECT* ON THAT, MR. COOPER

"THE WAY I WAS MAKING MONEY THEN, DOC, I COULD'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO RETIRING IN TEN YEARS. BUT I COULDN'T EVEN AFFORD A MANAGER TO HELP ME RUN THE BUSINESS..."


FOUR SERVANTS! A GARDENER! TWO BIG CARS! SWEETHEART, I CAN'T *EARN* ENOUGH TO *KEEP UP* WITH IT ALL! IT RUNS ME FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK JUST TO PAY FOR YOUR *PARTIES*...
MARTY, TO *BE* BIG, WE'VE GOT TO *LIVE* BIG! EVERY TIME WE HAVE *PEOPLE* IN, IT MEANS MORE *ORDERS* FOR YOU...MORE *MONEY!*


IT'S GOT TO STOP *SOMEWHERE!* I'M KNOCKING MYSELF *OUT!* I CAN'T TAKE OVER *ALL* THE GROCERY BUSINESS IN THE COUNTRY. I CAN'T GO ON LIVING ON A DIET OF *CHAMPAGNE* AND *CAVIAR!*
ALL RIGHT! IF *YOU* HAVE NO AMBITION, *I HAVE!* FORGET THE BUSINESS CONTACTS I'VE HELPED YOU MAKE! I'M MEETING *PEOPLE*, MARTY. THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE *SOCIALLY* IN THIS CITY! I *LIKE* THAT, MARTY! I'M *ONE* OF THEM! IT MAKES ME *HAPPY!*

"I *WANTED* ILENE TO BE HAPPY.. MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD. SO I PUT MORE PRESSURE ON MYSELF..WORKED HARDER, LONGER HOURS. AND ILENE ENTERTAINED..."



MARTIN COOPER RUBBED HIS STOMACH UNCONSCIOUSLY AS HE FINISHED HIS STORY. DOCTOR KEATON SHOOK HIS HEAD...

IT'S BEEN GOING ON LIKE THAT FOR *EIGHT YEARS*, DOC. YOU'VE *BEEN* TO OUR HOUSE. YOU'VE *SEEN* THOSE PARTIES. THE MORE I *MAKE*, THE MORE ILENE *SPENDS*! I'M *NOT* A RICH MAN. I'M *BROKE*...*TIRED AND BROKE*...*ALWAYS IN DEBT*!

IF I TOLD YOU I *SAW* THIS COMING, WOULD YOU HAVE *BELIEVED* ME, MARTY? NOW, I OUGHT TO ORDER YOU INTO A HOSPITAL FOR A COMPLETE REST AND CHECK-UP, BUT YOU WON'T GO! SO LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOU THROUGH THE FLOURO-SCOPE

MARTIN COOPER DRANK AN OPAQUE MIXTURE OF BARIUM THAT DOCTOR KEATON PREPARED FOR HIM. THE DOCTOR COULD THEN STUDY THE INNER LINING OF HIS PATIENT'S STOMACH AS THE DENSE FLUID FLOWED IN...

TURN A LITTLE MORE TO THE LEFT, MARTY. UH-HUH! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH. GET YOUR THINGS ON AND COME BACK INTO MY OFFICE!

WELL, WHAT'S THE BAD NEWS, DOC?

IT *COULD* BE *WORSE*! IT *WILL* BE, UNLESS YOU SLOW DOWN! YOU HAVE A *DUODENAL ULCER*. THAT'S IN THE FIRST INCH OF INTESTINES, JUST BELOW YOUR STOMACH. WE MAY BE ABLE TO *HEAL IT* WITH *DIET* AND *REST*.

I CAN TAKE *MEDICINE*, DOC, AND I CAN GO ON A *DIET*! BUT *REST*? I DON'T THINK THAT'S *POSSIBLE* FOR ME! I *TOLD* YOU WHAT A *FIX* I'M IN!

MEDICATION AND DIET WON'T DO *ANY GOOD* WITHOUT *PHYSICAL* AND *MENTAL REST*! BUT I CAN ONLY *ADVISE*! I CAN'T *MAKE* YOU *FOLLOW* MY ADVICE!

DOCTOR KEATON JOTTED DOWN AN ADDRESS AND HANDED IT TO MARTY...

I'LL MAKE AN APPOINTMENT WITH DOCTOR PORTER FOR A SERIES OF *X-RAYS*! I WANT A RECORD OF THE *LOCATION* OF YOUR ULCER. I MAY NEED TO FIND IT IN A *HURRY*!

YOU MEAN IF I *DON'T* OBEY ORDERS I MAY HAVE AN *EMERGENCY OPERATION*, EH? OKAY, DOC. I'LL TRY.

FOLLOW THIS DIET *CLOSELY*! IT TELLS YOU WHAT YOU *MAY* EAT, AND WHAT TO *AVOID*! THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF PROTEIN... THAT WILL GIVE YOUR GASTRIC JUICES SOMETHING TO ACT ON BESIDES YOUR ULCER. AND I'VE PRESCRIBED RESINAT TO TAKE CARE OF THAT GASTRIC ACIDITY YOU WERE COMPLAINING ABOUT.

DOCTOR KEATON ONCE MORE EMPHASIZED MARTY'S NEED FOR REST. AND MARTY PROMISED ONCE MORE TO TRY. HE HAD X-RAYS TAKEN AND SENT TO DOCTOR KEATON. HE TOLD HIS WIFE ILENE...

AND I'VE GOT TO *STICK* TO THE DIET! I CAN'T *EAT* ANY OF THAT FANCY JUNK YOU SERVE AT PARTIES. AND *NO* ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES. BUT MOST OF ALL, I MUSTN'T *WORRY*!

IF MY PARTIES *MAKE* YOU WORRY, I'LL *GIVE THEM UP*! I'LL GIVE UP EVERYTHING I'VE *WORKED FOR* SINCE WE WERE *MARRIED*! FINE FRIENDS... BUSINESS CONTACTS... SOB...

AW, HONEY! *DON'T* CRY! ALL I'M ASKING IS THAT YOU *CUT DOWN*...GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CATCH UP ON *EXPENSES* SO I DON'T HAVE TO KILL MYSELF TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH THE *SPENDING*.

I *KNOW* YOUR HEALTH COMES FIRST, DEAR. I *WILL* CUT DOWN.. JUST AS SOON AS I PAY OFF SOME SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS! I'VE *ALREADY INVITED* PEOPLE FOR THE *NEXT* FEW WEEKS. AFTER THAT, *NO MORE PARTIES!* I PROMISE...

ILENE COOPER UNDOUBTEDLY MEANT WELL, BUT SHE NEVER SEEMED TO GET THROUGH PAYING OFF THOSE SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS...

I TOLD YOU I CAN'T *EAT* THIS STUFF, ILENE!

OH, MARTY! I *FORGOT YOUR DIET!* AND THE COOK'S BEEN TOO BUSY FIXING THE HORS D'OEURVES TO HAVE YOUR *MEAL* READY. WOULD IT HURT YOU TO EAT JUST A *FEW* OF THOSE SANDWICHES JUST THIS *ONE* TIME, DARLING?

IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING FOLLOWING ONE OF THE PARTIES...

ILENE...I'VE GOT A *TERRIBLE* PAIN! IF I COULD JUST HAVE A GLASS OF *MILK*.

HUH? HAVE A *HEART*, MARTY! I'M *KNOCKED OUT!* I'LL BE A *WRECK* TOMORROW! CAN'T *YOU* GO TO THE REFRIGERATOR?

THE PARTIES WENT ON. EXPENSES MOUNTED...

LOOK AT THESE BILLS! ANOTHER MINK COAT! *WHAT FOR?* AND WITH JUST TWO OF US IN THIS FAMILY, WHY A *THIRD CAR?* ILENE! IT'S GOT TO *STOP!*

WE *NEED* THE STATION WAGON, MARTY .. FOR SHOPPING AND PICKING UP THE GUESTS AT THE STATION!

"I CAN'T *PAY* FOR ALL THIS, ILENE! IT'S *TOO MUCH!*"

TOO MUCH?! ONE OF OUR GUESTS THIS WEEKEND IS AUGUST DECKER... YOU KNOW... DECKER AND SONS... THE BIGGEST CHAIN OF FOOD STORES IN THE COUNTRY. IS IT TOO MUCH TO LAND A CONTRACT WITH *HIM*?

SO IT WENT. DRIVE...DRIVE...DRIVE. MARTY DROVE HIMSELF... AND IT HAD TO COME. THERE HAD TO BE A PAYOFF...

..I WAS TAKING A LETTER AND HE DOUBLED UP. THEN HE GOT THE HEMORRHAGE. HE FELL OUT OF THE CHAIR. I CALLED YOU IMMEDIATELY.

WE MUST GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL AT ONCE! WHERE'S A PHONE? I'LL CALL FOR AN AMBULANCE!

DOCTOR KEATON NOTIFIED ILENE AND RUSHED MARTY TO THE HOSPITAL. WHILE THE PATIENT WAS BEING READIED FOR SURGERY, HE CONSULTED WITH DOCTOR PORTER, THE ROENTGENOLOGIST..

IN THIS FIRST PLATE, YOU SEE THE DEFORMED DUODENUM, AND IN THIS PLATE TAKEN AFTER THE CRATER WAS FILLED WITH BARIUM, YOU SEE THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE PERFORATION...

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. I'VE GOT TO ORDER A *GASTRO-ENTEROSTOMY*

DOCTOR PORTER TURNED TO HIS COLLEAGUE.

THAT'S *SIMPLE* ENOUGH AND *SAFE!* BUT...

BUT THE ODDS ARE HE'LL BE *BACK* IN A COUPLE OF YEARS WITH A *JEJUNAL ULCER!* YES, I *KNOW*, PORTER. BUT THE EMERGENCY NATURE OF THE PUNCTURE MAKES IT UNWISE TO TRY AN *ANGASTRECTOMY* AT THIS TIME!

ILENE COOPER WAS GENUINELY FRIGHTENED WHEN SHE INTERCEPTED DOCTOR KEATON ON HIS WAY TO SURGERY...

I RUSHED RIGHT FROM THE BEAUTY SALON WHEN I GOT YOUR MESSAGE! WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH MARTY? I SAW THEM ROLL HIM IN TO THE OPERATING ROOM! HE LOOKED *GHASTLY!*

WE'LL PULL HIM THROUGH, ILENE! I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH YOU AFTER IT'S OVER. WAIT IN MY OFFICE.

DOCTOR KEATON ENTERED THE OPERATING ROOM, AND GLANCED AT THE STILL PALE FIGURE ON THE TABLE BENEATH THE BATTERY OF LIGHTS. THE SURGEON, ARNOLD MORGAN, M.D., F.A.C.S., NODDED.

ALL RIGHT! LET'S BEGIN...

THE SURGEON TURNED TO THE "SURGICAL NURSE" WHO WAITED, READY TO PASS THE INSTRUMENTS. THE "FLOATING NURSE" STOOD BY. THE ANAESTHETIST ADJUSTED THE RUBBER CAP OVER THE PATIENTS MOUTH AND NOSE. VALVES WERE TURNED. ETHER, NITROUS OXIDE, OXYGEN HISSED THROUGH TUBES.

THE PATIENT IS READY...

GOOD... *SCALPEL...*

THE SURGEON WORKED WITH SWIFT ASSURANCE, SOFTLY EXPLAINING EACH DETAIL OF THE OPERATION TO THE STUDENT INTERNS OBSERVING BEHIND THE GLASSED-IN TIERS

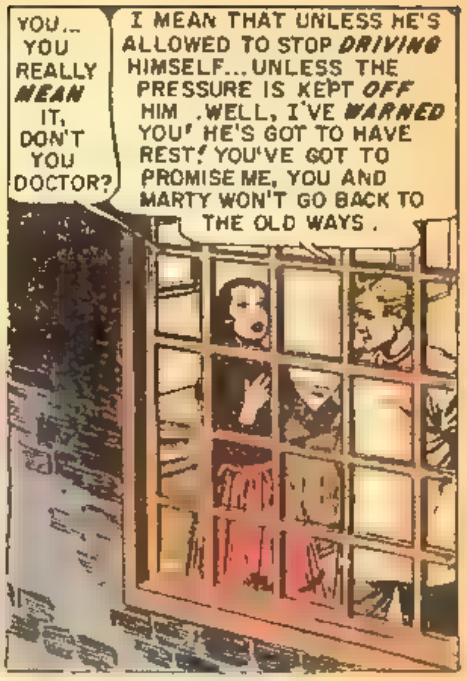
SPONGE... HERE WE HAVE IT... AN ACUTE PERFORATION OF THE DUODENUM. IT'S TOWARD THE FRONT ALLOWING THE GASTRIC JUICES FROM THE STOMACH TO FLOW INTO THE ABDOMINAL CAVITY. THAT'S WHAT CAUSED THE TERRIBLE PAIN AND SHOCK...

CLAMP... IN A GASTRO-ENTEROSTOMY, WE BIPASS THE ULCER, MAKING A NEW OPENING BETWEEN THE STOMACH AND THE JEJUNUM, EIGHTEEN INCHES FROM THE OUTLET...

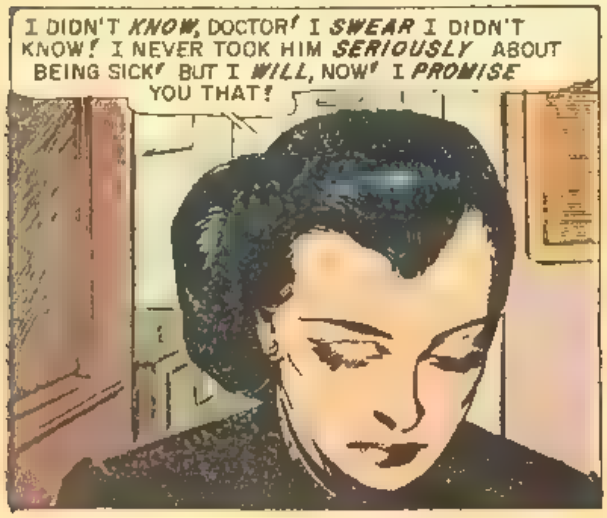
THE ULCERATED SECTION IS SHORT-CIRCUITED.. ELIMINATED! THE NEW PASSAGE IS NOW FORMED AND JOINED... *SUTURES...*

AFTER THE OPERATION WAS OVER, DOCTOR KEATON RETURNED TO HIS OFFICE WHERE ILENE COOPER WAITED IMPATIENTLY...

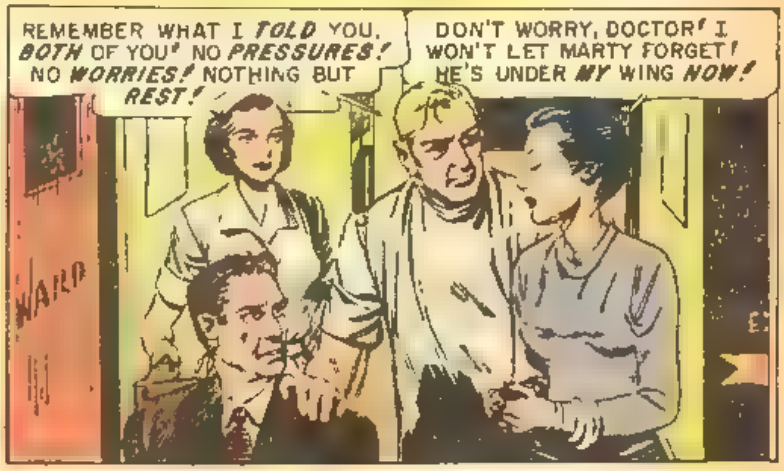
HOW IS HE, DOCTOR? WILL HE BE ALL RIGHT?
I'M GOING TO BE BLUNT, ILENE! MARTY IS GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE IT EASY FOR A LONG TIME IF YOU WANT HIM TO LIVE! HE'S GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP!


YOU... YOU REALLY MEAN IT, DON'T YOU DOCTOR?
I MEAN THAT UNLESS HE'S ALLOWED TO STOP DRIVING HIMSELF... UNLESS THE PRESSURE IS KEPT OFF HIM. WELL, I'VE WARNED YOU! HE'S GOT TO HAVE REST! YOU'VE GOT TO PROMISE ME, YOU AND MARTY WON'T GO BACK TO THE OLD WAYS.

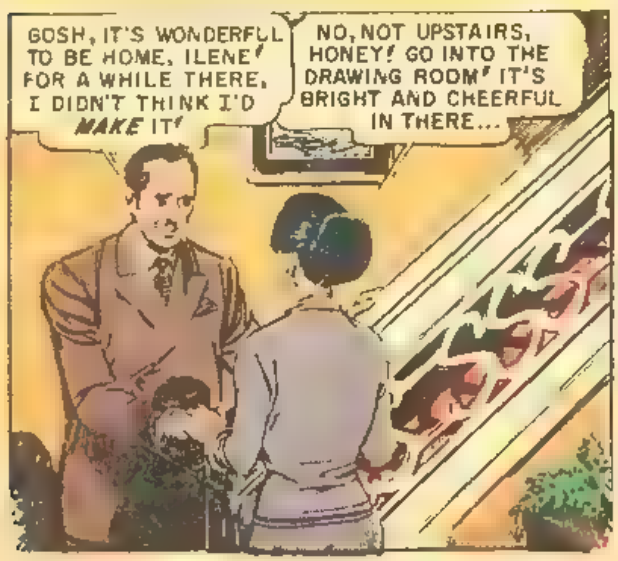
ILENE COOPER HUNG HER HEAD...



MARTIN COOPER WAS TOO WEAK, EVEN A MONTH LATER, TO WALK TO THE ELEVATOR, ILENE HELD HIS HAND AS HE WAS ROLLED ALONG THE CORRIDOR IN A WHEELCHAIR.


REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, BOTH OF YOU! NO PRESSURES! NO WORRIES! NOTHING BUT REST!
DON'T WORRY, DOCTOR! I WON'T LET MARTY FORGET! HE'S UNDER MY WING NOW!
WARD

ILENE TRUSTED NO ONE WITH MARTY. SHE DROVE HIM HOME IN THE STATION WAGON HERSELF. AND SHE WAS NEVER SO CAREFUL. THERE WAS NO QUESTION THAT ILENE MEANT IT WHEN SHE SAID THINGS WERE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT...


GOSH, IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE HOME, ILENE! FOR A WHILE THERE, I DIDN'T THINK I'D MAKE IT!
NO, NOT UPSTAIRS, HONEY! GO INTO THE DRAWING ROOM! IT'S BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL IN THERE...

BUT THOUGH SHE MEANT IT, WERE THINGS REALLY GOING TO BE DIFFERENT? AS HE MOVED SLOWLY INTO THE DRAWING ROOM, MARTY WONDERED IF ILENE COULD CHANGE! AND THEN HE KNEW...

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!
WELCOME HOME, MARTY!
HAPPY, DARLING? I CALLED IN THE CATERERS AND I SAID, HANG THE EXPENSE! MY HUSBAND IS COMING HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL AND I WANT THE BEST SURPRISE PARTY MONEY CAN BUY! FOR MY MARTY!
CHOKE

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